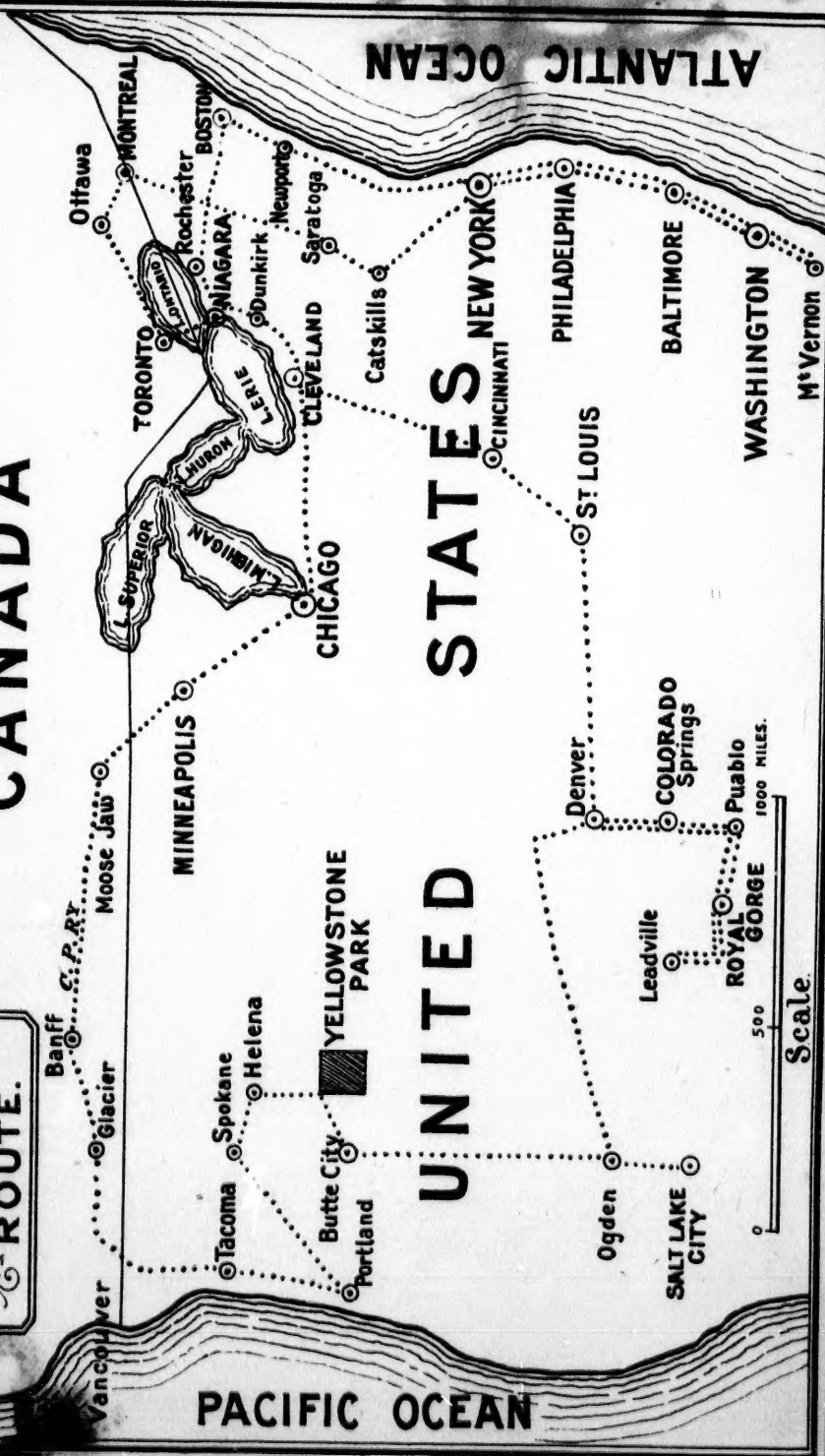


SKETCH  
OF  
ROUTE.

CANADA



UNITED STATES

A

WASHINGTON

M<sup>r</sup> Vernon

ROYAL GORGE

500

1000 MILES

Scale

GLIMPSES

OF OUR

AMERICAN

KITH AND KIN.

BY

HARE BOOTH.



LONDON :

CHARLES H. KELLY,

2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C., and 66, Paternoster Row, E.C.

1896.

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## PREFACE.

In this little work I have avoided all controversial topics, such as politics, the temperance question, &c. What I have attempted to relate is of things only on the surface, and at best, the "*glimpses*" are but rapid, hasty "snapshots"; nevertheless the impressions fell on a receptive plate, and such as they are, are here printed off.

Let me explain why they are "printed off." Having expressed to some scores of friends, both Trans-Atlantic and Cis-Atlantic, the pleasing impressions I had received while visiting the States, I was met everywhere by the remark, "Why do you not publish them? I am sure it would do much good." As I could not however think that anything I might write would have any influence, I put that thought to one side; but my heart being full of America and our American "Kith and Kin," (I speak of all classes) and of their kindness and courtesy, and of all else that enlists sympathy and regard, it became a matter of compulsion and of relief to write these pages, which I commend to the kind indulgence of my readers. If one is grateful one ought to say so. I trust that many of my friends, who may see this, will take it as an expression of my gratitude to them, for the great consideration we received at their hands during our enjoyable visit.

For a time—as I write this—a cloud has seemed to darken the sky, and sad thoughts have passed through my heart, which have filled it with deep grief; but let us fervently hope and devoutly trust—

"That the falling out of *friends*  
Is the renewing but of love."

and that peace and amity, good fellowship and charity, in their widest and fullest sense, may ever exist between us and our "American Kith and Kin."

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON,  
1896.





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# GLIMPSES OF OUR AMERICAN KITH AND KIN.

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## *DESIRE TO VISIT AMERICA.*

**F**OR some years we had cherished the hope of seeing the Americans in their own country. It had been our privilege to meet, from time to time, many Americans whilst travelling in Europe, and it was always pleasureable and profitable, to make their acquaintance. In some instances we have made, we trust, life-long friendships. Many and cordial have been the invitations for us to cross the broad Atlantic to come over and visit them. The year of the World's Fair at Chicago brought us renewed offers of hospitality, but we were not able at that time to avail ourselves of them. At last the strong, the increasing desire, to see the Americans, their Cities, their Farms, their Railroads, their Steamers, and their Public Buildings, as well as to study their manners, their character, their customs, and their habits on their native soil, became so strong in us, that the Atlantic seemed a placid lake and its billows all smooth, and the resolution was formed to carry out our long contemplated visit. It was the Americans that

we desired to see rather than America ; not that Niagara, the Yellowstone Park, and the Yosemite Valley had no attractions for us, but our first thoughts and desires were towards its people. We looked upon the States as a great problem—a great social and political problem.

PRELIMINARIES.—Having then resolved to cross the Atlantic, our next step was to decide at which port we should land, so many routes are open. At first we thought of going to Quebec by the Anchor Line, so as to avoid the almost tropical heat of New York in July. After much thought and deliberation we decided to go by the Cunard Line direct to New York, as it was the shortest route, and had the finest and swiftest steamers.

As the time to make our arrangements was very short, we telegraphed at once to Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, the world-known Tourists' Agents, to secure berths for two on board the Royal Mail Steamship "*Campania*," leaving Liverpool on Saturday, the 13th of July. This they did at once, securing us as we desired a "state room" in the most favourable part of the ship, the full benefits of which we afterwards fully appreciated.

EMBARKATION.—We embarked at Liverpool on the day fixed ; but although we started in more than ample time from our hotel to go leisurely on board, we nearly lost our boat, for as it was only the second time that the *Campania* had come to the landing stage to take her cabin passengers on board, an immense concourse of some thousands of people had gathered on and about the pontoon, and we with our luggage became wedged in the crowd. With considerable difficulty we managed to extricate ourselves from it, and by making a lengthy *detour* arrived at the ship's side a few minutes before the time fixed for her departure.

THE "CAMPANIA."—I do not wonder at the immense gathering to see this magnificent vessel. We had not seen her before, and as our eye swept over her majestic lines from stem to stern, our heart took courage, and we felt braced up to encounter the waves of the mighty Atlantic. Her length is over 600 feet, her tonnage is just upon 13,000 tons, and her power equals that of 30,000 horses. Many a time afterwards as we saw her heading into a great Atlantic wave during our first day at sea, we thought, "ah! well, she has 30,000 horses to pull us through," and right bravely she did her work. They call these fleet steamers the "*greyhounds*" of the Atlantic, but we should prefer to call them "Atlantic leviathans," as more in keeping with their size and solidity. We were told that she consumed 1000 tons of coal a day, and that as the coal was used and the ship lightened, water ballast was let into tanks to keep her at an even line. Her crew numbered 400, and her passengers on our voyage 800 more, and yet so large was the ship that, except at meals, one never saw more than 40 or 50 people at any one time. Where the 400 crew got to was a deep mystery to us, for we never saw more than 12 sailors together, more generally odd ones only. The quiet and the order on the ship was absolute; no hauling of ropes, no rattling of chains, no shouting to the helmsman, no smell from the engine-room, and but very little noise from the powerful engines, save and except when she was in troubled waters and rolled and pitched, and then her twin screws "raced" and caused a very unpleasant vibration.

At 4-45 p.m. she cast off her moorings, and with the aid of a tug she swung round and put her head to the tide. At first she went half speed, and then when clear of the small river craft she put on more speed. Liverpool seemed to pass away

from us rapidly, like a moving panorama, and in a very few minutes we found ourselves at sea. Our sail in the evening light down the Irish Sea, with the coast of North Wales in full view was most delightful. The motion of the ship from the sea was *nil*. We had a fair night and found ourselves a 6 o'clock next morning in beautiful Queenstown Harbour. The mails were soon on board, and the Irish contingent of passengers. At 8 o'clock we got out to sea again, and steamed along and well in sight of the Irish coast at a speed of 23 miles an hour.

### AT SEA.

About noon we had reached the Fastnet Rock and Lighthouse, the Irish "Eddystone." Here our course was set for Sandy-Hook, and it is from here that the record begins of the run from land to land. The wind was rather fresh, and dead a-head. The sea was rough, the great Atlantic rollers running high, and causing even the majestic *Campania* to pitch in a sedate and stately manner. The Captain said "We have come into the tail end of a storm," probably the one the *Um'ria* had passed through, as she was considerably over due at Queens-town. One obtained from this sight an idea of what an Atlantic wave was like. The pitching sent a good many to their berths, and considerably thinned the attendance at dinner. We found the dining saloon the most comfortable place on board, for it is as nearly amidships as possible. The dinner hour was announced by the bugler playing "The roast beef of Old England." At dinner we became quite unconscious that one was on board ship, and many a time have we got up from table with the delusive idea that we had been dining ashore in some large hotel. The *Campania* has really bridged the ocean.

and made it possible for the most timid and delicate to cross. So far from being ill we were neither of us, either on the outward or homeward voyage—even squeamish in the slightest degree ; although on returning she rolled heavily, as we had a very high ‘beam sea’ on for two or three days. We took every meal and always with a hearty appetite. To show how steady the *Campania* is compared with other boats, a Canadian lady told us on the return voyage that she had crossed the Atlantic nineteen times, and that her then voyage in the *Campania* was the only time that she had not been ill. *Brave Campania !* I must speak well of the bridge that carried me over.

We saw no ship till the third day, and then only two at a considerable distance. We were then about midway, 1500 miles from either shore. I suppose we experienced what all travellers more or less experience on a first crossing of the ocean ; first a realization of its vastness, and then that of one’s utter helplessness in case of disaster. I believe many men have been led to take a more serious view of life in crossing the sea, especially if the weather was at all stormy. I remember an elderly friend of mine told me that the turning point in his life “for good,” came during a terrific storm whilst he was crossing the Atlantic.

OCEANIC WATER LANES.—It is however a great comfort to passengers to know that in the middle of the ocean there are well defined “water lanes,” one by which the outward bound steamers go, and another well separated from that by many miles, by which the inward bound steamers return. This is one means at all events of avoiding collisions. About the fifth day we overtook and passed nearly at one time, towards evening, no less than three large steamers ;



one a French Transatlantic boat, the second I forget the line, and the third the *Scythia*, of our own line. It was just beginning to be dark, and it was very pretty and interesting in mid ocean to exchange greetings with her by electric lights and rockets. It was also pleasant to reflect upon the fact that, in case of accident we had three steamers near to render assistance. The sea was then and had been since Sunday's storm perfectly calm, and continued so to the end of our voyage. Another pleasant reflection was that our ship had twin screws, so that if one broke we had the other left, which would probably propel us at the rate of 15 or 17 miles an hour. Another comfort was in knowing that our ship was really two ships, as she was completely divided in the middle, from stem to stern, and besides that she had innumerable watertight bulkheads. We suppose that these reassuring facts in some measure, caused us to sleep well, as we did every night; in fact we slept better at sea than we had done of late on land. Our outward voyage was indeed so pleasant that one began to wish that instead of a week, it would last for a fortnight. Of course we had an "Entertainment," and made a good collection, over £70, for the two Sailors' Orphanages at Liverpool and New York. As we approached the land a sea fog now and then came down upon us for a few hours. But on we went with unabated speed.

A RECORD PASSAGE.—Our passage outward was a *record passage* on the "winter course," beating herself by 1 hour and 28 minutes. About *an hour before we landed*, the *New York Tribune* which had come on board in the Medical Inspector's boat, gave an account of this unprecedented voyage of the *Campania*. We cite this as an example of American newspaper

energy and despatch. We were landed in New York about 7 o'clock on Friday night. Thus we did the entire distance from port to port, 3120 miles, in 6 days and 7 hours. We give the daily record of her runs:—

Saturday, 4-45 p.m. to Sunday noon,	343 miles.
Sunday noon to Monday noon .....	503 „
Monday noon to Tuesday noon.....	530 „
Tuesday noon to Wednesday noon..	533 „
Wednesday noon to Thursday noon.	536 „
Thursday noon to Friday noon ... ..	540 „
Friday noon to Friday 6-15 p.m. ....	135 „

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3120

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It should be remembered that on the outward voyage from noon to-day to noon to-morrow is 25 hours; and that on the homeward voyage it is only 23 hours, so that she always appears to make a bad daily run homewards, having two hours less each day to make it in. As a matter of fact our return voyage, under somewhat adverse circumstances, but on the "summer course," which is the shorter one, was done in exactly the same time, viz., 6 days 7 hours.

AN IMPRESSIONIST.—We had some very nice people on board, and made some very pleasant acquaintances; if we had accepted all the kind offers of hospitality proffered to us by our American friends our departure from New York must have been somewhat delayed. Out of 220 cabin passengers we had only one little girl on board, aged about ten, of course we all made much of her. One day we were making a sketch from memory, our subject was the Fastnet Rock. Our little friend was by

us, she said, "How can you sketch a thing you do not see?" We said, "We remember it, we have an impression of it." She said, "What is an impression?" so we explained by making an impression with the round end of the pencil on the back of the hand. We said, "There is an impression, and one is also made by seeing (only in a different manner) on the mind or brain," with which explanation she seemed perfectly satisfied. The next day we were talking to a Bishop on board. We said to him, "Our little friend here can tell you what an impression is." We said to her, "What is an impression?" "Oh!" she said, "it is just a round hole made on the back of your hand by pressing a pencil on it." At which explanation the Bishop was greatly amused, and none the less were we.

### *NEW YORK HARBOUR.*

We had a magnificent evening to enter the beautiful harbour of New York. It was impossible not to be struck with the imposing figure of "Liberty" (157 feet high) as it stood out in bold relief against the warm tinted evening sky. The pedestal on which it stands is also 155 feet high. One must however say that her attitude is more of a menace than a welcome. The harbour was very gay and bright, filled with yachts, and ponderous, two or three-decked, white-painted pleasure steamers, with the old fashioned lever engines, slowly going up and down like pump handles, but sending the steamers through the water at a very rapid rate. We were particularly struck with the sombre character of the foliage, so different to that of our trees in England.

We can hardly describe our emotion, as we slowly steamed up to our landing stage. Naturally we felt a feeling of thank-

fulness in having had so favourable and so swift a crossing, but our hearts were full of excitement in beholding this first instalment of the New World. Everything around us seemed novel, not only the high-decked river steamers, and the flat-bottomed ferry boats, each at every possible opportunity blowing its sonorous buzzer, but the ships were different in their build and rig, and appeared to be chiefly three or four-masted schooners. Then the appearance of the City, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, was so different to all we had ever seen before. No steeples or spires of churches, or stately palaces, broke the outline against the sky, as we had been accustomed to see in our travels in European countries, but enormous blocks of buildings 12 or 13 stories high, dominated by some 10 or a dozen other higher and more massive buildings, from 20 to 24 stories high, formed the southern portion of the busy City of New York, which here narrows down almost to a point, terminating in the Battery and Castle Garden. To the left the Hudson River was flowing, bearing the fresh waters of the sea up its broad and expansive channel, while to the right the narrower East River separated the City from Brooklyn. In the distance one could see the Suspension Bridge, hanging like a spider's web in mid air. All was commotion and excitement on the river, while above all was serenity and peace.

**DISSEMBARKING.**—It was wonderful to see with what ease they brought our great Leviathan to its resting place, in its own narrow dock. Having got two or three steel wire ropes made fast on shore, she was able to hold her head in one position whilst three or four little tug steamers literally rammed at her side, near the stern, and pushed her round so as to

guide her into the berth. Each "Line" has a separate dock for their steamers. The docks here are not like our Liverpool docks, as they are merely sidings, between wooden structures, jutting out into the River Hudson, and have no entrance gates or locks, but the water in the dock rises and falls with that in the river, the rise and fall not being great, rarely exceeding 10 feet at spring tides.

Having obtained our Custom's pass, we waited patiently till the crowd of 800 passengers had gone on shore, and then we quietly sauntered down the gangway where we were met, as previously arranged, by the Agent of Messrs. Cook, and well was it for us that he was there. We had foreseen that trouble might arise here, in all the bustle and confusion of disembarking, and landing baggage, but our most lively anticipations were but as tinder sparks to the full blaze of the electric light. We have had many rough and boisterous landings, notably, in Algiers, Constantinople, and other strange and outlandish places, both by night and by day, but for tumult and confusion and deafening roar, shouting, yelling and screaming, and the rattling at one time of 50 or 60 barrows laden with trunks, all jolting over the planks, (laid at least an inch apart) with the dragging and pulling about of luggage, (in the huge wooden shed, which was dimly lighted) our landing at New York stands out pre-eminently the worst. The first care of our good guide was to place my wife in a waiting room where there was comparative quietude. Then we got together our baggage and had it most expeditiously passed by a polite Custom's Examining Officer. The larger baggage was then "Expressed," that is sent by a carrier to our hotel, and a cab or "Hack," was engaged by our cicerone, the fare being arranged and paid

beforehand (2 dollars or 8s. for about a two miles course !) We expressed our gratitude tangibly to our friend, and bidding him adieu left the shed, being probably among the first to quit that earthly pandemonium, although we were the last to leave the ship, and away we sped as fast as two horses could drag us over ill paved streets (for the most part) to our hotel. Our driver was evidently anxious to return, so as to obtain another fare. "Hacks" are scarce in New York, perhaps that is why they are so dear. We spent a most wretched night in New York, the temperature being 90° in the shade. We could hardly breathe ; no doubt we felt the heat all the more as we had just come off the breezy sea. We neither of us slept, so we determined to get out of that fiery furnace as soon as we possibly could.

### *HOTELS.*

Our hotel was a large and spacious one in Broadway. One hotel is very like another. In some hotels the waiters are coloured men, and in others white. Here they were coloured, probably there were 20 or 30 of them in the dining hall at breakfast. We were pleased with our "darkie," and were amused when he asked if he might "replenish" our glass with iced water. Everywhere the first thing put on the table at any meal is iced water ; it is not only a luxury, it is an absolute necessity. Apropos of iced water, we noticed in the room at least half a dozen toilet services, (consisting of basin and ewer) placed by the walls on each side at intervals. As everything was new to us we thought at first it was a strange custom for the Americans to wash in the same room where they dined, but we saw no one do so. At last the mystery was solved on



seeing our waiter go to one of the ewers and fill our glass with iced water. This curious arrangement prevailed in almost all the hotels we afterwards visited, although the ewers varied from bed room pitchers to classic vases. The knives are nearly always execrable, at first giving one the idea that the meat was tough, but it was the fault of the knife, they are plated (presumably to save cleaning and wear and tear), but a knife need not be blunt if it is plated, as knives in England for cutting lemons are both sharp and plated. The egg cups are curiously shaped, somewhat like a dice-box, only one end is larger than the other. The smaller end is for the egg when boiled English fashion, the larger, for the eggs when beaten up American fashion.

Another feature of hotel life is the BELL BOY, (generally a darkie) whose duty it is to answer your bed-room bell and to bring iced water morning and night to your room. The chambermaid never answers the bell, and is very rarely seen. She makes the beds in the morning and cleans up the room and is no more visible, presumably going back to her home after her morning's work is done. Her labour is minimised as much as possible, as there are no washstands in the ordinary sense, but fixed basins with a supply of hot and cold water. *These hot water pipes are a great nuisance*, as when the weather is hot they make a room almost unbearable, as we often experienced.

RATES.—The rates in hotels are of two kinds. The "American plan," where you pay from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  up to 6 or 7 dollars a day, according to the rooms you occupy, (abatment being made for portions of a day), and the "European plan," where you pay separately for what you have. We almost invariably

went on the American plan, which prevails throughout the States, except at a few hotels in the eastern cities. Having had a pretty fair European experience we know what the small Continental hotels are. How many exasperated travellers has one seen at that "*quart d'heure de Rabelais*," when the extortionate bills have been presented ! One fully expected to have many such trying times in America. It is very pleasant for us to record that (saving in two instances in the eastern cities, which are Europeanised) we never had a word about the bill. The waiters were invariably thoroughly well up to their duty, and the Secretaries in the office were always exceedingly polite and attentive to our wants. We found hotel life in America very pleasant and agreeable, the food was always good and substantial, better at some places than others. There are no *table d' hote* meals. All sit at separate tables, and have one common bill of fare to select from. Breakfast, lunch and dinner are at fixed hours, but the length of each meal is very elastic ; breakfast extending over probably four or five hours, and the others two or three. The public rooms were spacious and well furnished, sometimes elegantly so, and the bed-rooms were without exception scrupulously clean and orderly. There is a singular provision in every bed-room (ordered by the State), a rope is fastened near to the window, to be used as a means of escape in case of fire, a hazardous remedy when your room is on the sixth or seventh floor ; the antidote being as bad as the bane.

There is no charge made in American hotels for attendance or lights, but there is a charge, and a pretty high one, for cleaning your boots, viz., 5d. a pair, and sometimes visitors are informed that "the manager will not be responsible for

boots placed outside bed-room doors." As a fact boots are cleaned by a "bootshiner" on his own account. "Tips" have travelled across the Atlantic, and in the eastern cities are as much in request as in Europe, but not so much so in the west. In every hotel there is a "Barber Shop," and usually a telegraph office and a newspaper stall.

The great feature in the American hotels is the Central Hall or Quadrangle. Our eye runs back in memory to several very spacious and beautiful ones, notably to the great Court in the "West" Hotel, Minneapolis, to the one in the "Grand" at Cincinnati, and to the one at the "Knutsford" in Salt Lake City. American Bars are very expensive places. In fact, drinking in any shape is very dear, (excepting tea and coffee, which is provided *gratis* at every meal, in large or small cups *ad libitum*.) One has to pay 8s. for a bottle of claret that in England would appear in the wine list at 2s. 6d. But little wine is drunk in America; there may be other reasons for this than temperance principles, although abstinence is pretty universal. Wine is never pressed upon a visitor, and only once was a Wine card ever offered to us.

It may interest our readers to peruse an American "Bill of Fare," many of the dishes will be unknown:--

# →\*BREAKFAST\*←



FRUIT: Stewed Prunes. Baked Apples. Grapes. Bananas.

Sliced Tomatoes. Radishes.

FISH: White Fish, Maitre d'Hotel. River Salmon. Red Snapper.  
Fried Perch. Lake Trout. Salt Mackrel.

BROILED: Ham. Tenderloin Steak, au Cresson. Calf's Liver and Bacon.  
Pig's Feet. Honeycomb Tripe. Sirloin Steak, with Onions.  
Lamb Kidneys. Sirloin Steak, Maitre d'Hotel.  
Veal Chops. Lamb Chops. Mutton Chops. Pork Chops.

Boston Baked Beans, with Brown Bread. Hamburger Steak.

FRIED: Codfish Balls. Mush. Corned Beef Hash. Pig's Feet.  
Veal Cutlets, breaded, Tomato Sauce. Oysters. Hominy. Pork Sausage

STEWED: Chipped Beef, with Cream. Tripe, a la Creole..  
Codfish, with Cream. Lamb Kidneys. White Wine Sauce.  
Chicken Liver, with Mushrooms. Chicken. Calf's Brains, au Beurre Noir.

EGGS: Boiled. Shirred. Scrambled. Poached. Meyerbeer. Fried.

Omelettes: Plain, Spanish, with Ham, Jelly, Parsley, Onions or Rum.

COLD DISHES: Roast Beef. Corned Beef. Turkey. Roast Mutton.  
Beef Tongue. Ham.

POTATOES: Minced. Boiled. Stewed. Baked. Lyonnaise.  
Fried. Stewed, Maitre d'Hotel.

Swiss Rolls. Home-made Bread. Wheat Cake.  
French Rolls. Graham Bread. Cracked Wheat  
Graham Rolls. Boston Brown Bread. Oatmeal and Cream.  
Albany Rolls. Rye Bread. Hominy.  
Delmonico Rolls. Corn Muffins. Corn Bread.

Coffee. Oolong Tea. Green Tea. Chocolate.  
English Breakfast Tea. Cocoa.

In addition to these dishes we often had others peculiar to America, such as, squash, cantaloupe, water melon, egg plants, corn in cob, clams, cold slaw, clam chawdar, "sheep's head," (anent which we have a tale to tell. As we had often heard of the extreme delicacy of a sheep's head, we thought "here is a good opportunity to try it," so we ordered one, and with expectant appetite awaited its arrival; lo! and behold, when the cover was taken off, it was a boiled fish of that name. Imagine our disappointment.) Griddle cakes, maple syrup, Graham rolls, tender-loin steak, English breakfast tea, (whatever that is), Boston beans, string beans, pumpkin pies, punch, sherbert, ices, &c.

It was at times amusing to notice the number of dishes that a guest would have on the table at one time, for it is the practice to order at once what you intend to have, and it is all brought together, so that one may see himself surrounded by six or seven small dishes, with cups and saucers, coffee pot and jugs.

BROILED OWL.—To our great astonishment the bill of fare one day included "*broiled owl*." We thought (in our innocence) "what extraordinary palates the Americans have to relish the night screecher," but as "Terrapin" is a delight to them, though not to us, we dismissed the thought, as there is no accounting for tastes, "*chacun a son goût*." But when we expressed our surprise to the lady of the house at such a dish being on the card, a significant smile on her face revealed to us what it was, and she added, "You see game is out of season, so we are obliged to call it something."

*ITINERARY.*

Before we commence our long journey of nearly 9,000 miles from East to West and back, we think it may interest our readers if we lay before them a record of the places of note which we visited, and of the time occupied in making the tour:—

DATE. 1895.	LOCALITY.	DATE. 1895.	LOCALITY.	
July 13 S	Left Liverpool at 4-45 p.m.	Aug. 26 M	Night in Train, 16 hours.	
" 14 S	At Sea, 6 days 7 hours.	" 27 TU	Minneapolis.	
" 15 M		" 28 W	Do.	
" 16 TU		" 29 TH	C. & P. Train. 45 hours.	
" 17 W		" 30 F	1242 miles.	
" 18 TH	Landed at NEW YORK 7 p.m.	" 31 S	Banff Springs.	
" 19 F		Sept. 1 S	Rocky Mountains.	
" 20 S		" 2 M	Glacier.	
" 21 S		" 3 TU	Do.	
" 22 M	Kaaterskill Hotel.	" 4 W	In Train 29 hours.	
" 23 TU		" 5 TH	TOCOMA.	
" 24 W		" 6 F	PORTLAND.	
" 25 TH		" 7 S	In Train 22 hours.	
" 26 F	Catskill Mountains.	" 8 S	Spokane Falls.	
" 27 S		" 9 M	In Train 30 hours.	
" 28 S		" 10 TU	Mammoth Hot Springs.	
" 29 M		" 11 W	Lower Geyser Basin.	
" 30 TU	Hudson, Chatham, Lebanon Saratoga. (Springs, Shakers	" 12 TH	Lake.	
" 31 W		" 13 F	GRAND CANYON.	
Aug. 1 TH		" 14 S	Mammoth Hot Springs.	
" 2 F		" 15 M	In Train (including 6 hours at Butte City) 38 hours	
" 3 S	Lake George.	" 16 S	Yellowstone Park.	
" 4 S	Lake Champlain.	" 17 TU		
" 5 S	Ausable Chasm.	" 18 W		
" 6 M	Do.	" 19 TH		
" 7 M	MONTREAL.	" 20 F		
" 8 TH	Do.	" 21 S		
" 9 F	OTTAWA.	" 22 S		
" 10 S	Brockville.	" 23 M		
" 11 S	1000 Islands.	" 24 TU		
" 12 M	TORONTO.	" 25 W		
" 13 M	Do.	" 26 TH		
" 14 W	Do.	" 27 F		
" 15 TH	NIAGARA.	" 28 S		
" 16 F	Buffalo.	" 29 S		
" 17 S	DUNKIRK. Chautauqua.	" 30 M		
" 18 S		Oct. 1 TU	In Train 24 hours.	
" 19 M		" 2 W	DENVER.	
" 20 TU		" 3 TH	Manitou	
" 21 W	Night in Train, 12½ hours.	" 4 F	Colorado Springs.	
" 22 TH		" 5 S	ROYAL GORGE. In Train 27	
" 23 F		" 6 S	LEADVILLE. [hours.]	
" 24 S		" 7 M	DENVER.	
" 25 S	CHICAGO.	" 8 TU	In Train U. P. 30 hours.	
	Do.		ST. LOUIS.	
	Do.			



*ITINERARY Continued.*

DATE. 1895.		LOCALITY.	DATE. 1895.		LOCALITY.
Oct. 9	W	ST. LOUIS.	Nov. 5	TU	BALTIMORE and PHILADELPHIA.
" 10	TH	CINCINNATI.	" 6	W	
" 11	F		" 7	TH	
" 12	S	CLEVELAND.	" 8	F	
" 13	S	Dunkirk.	" 9	S	
" 14	M		" 10	S	NEW YORK.
" 15	TU	NIAGARA and ROCHESTER.	" 11	M	
" 16	W		" 12	TU	
" 17	TH		" 13	W	
" 18	F		" 14	TH	
" 19	S		" 15	F	
" 20	S	BOSTON.	" 16	S	
" 21	M		" 17	S	
" 22	TU	Newport.	" 18	M	
" 23	W		" 19	TU	
" 24	TH		" 20	W	Sailed at 10 a.m.
" 25	F		" 21	TH	
" 26	S		" 22	F	
" 27	S	NEW YORK.	" 23	S	
" 28	M		" 24	S	
" 29	TU		" 25	M	AT SEA. Six days 7 hours.
" 30	W		" 26	TU	
" 31	TH		" 27	W	
Nov. 1	F		" 28	TH	
" 2	S	WASHINGTON.	" 29	F	
" 3	S		" 30	S	Landed at Liverpool 10 p.m.
" 4	M	Mount Vernon.			HOME.

*RAILWAYS.*

ROLLING STOCK.—We made two flying visits in a cable car down Broadway, to Messrs. Cook's offices, to receive letters of welcome to us on our landing, and to arrange for the forwarding of letters and other matters. We shall never forget the feeling of *comfort* that those letters from two of our American friends gave us, in welcoming us to their vast country and inviting us to their homes. Even now we feel a keen appreciation of the kindly sympathy expressed in them. As the heat still continued stifling, we determined after resting 20 hours only in New York to fly for refuge to the cooler heights of the Catskill mountains. By 3 o'clock p.m. we were off, and crossed

the Hudson by the ferry to take train to Catskill by the West Shore Railroad. This, of course, was our first experience of railway travelling, and very novel it was. We were glad to find a Pullman Car, and obtained seats in it. We had often heard of the "rolling stock" of railway companies, but we never before realized the full significance of the term until we attempted to walk from one end of the Pullman Car to the other, and then we experienced its true meaning. So terrible was the rocking to and fro that once we were thrown on the floor. The motion on the "Campania" was fractional to that.

A RIVER STORM.—When nearing West Point a terrific squall and thunder storm burst over the Hudson, along whose picturesque banks we were speeding at the rate of 60 miles an hour. The hurricane—for it was no less—lashed the water into spray, which it drove before it, for fully a mile. The lightning was fearful, and the rain came down in torrents. We afterwards learnt from the New York papers, that this storm was one of the worst that had ever been known on the Hudson. Subsequently we passed through (within a single month) not less than eight or nine more very severe thunder storms, realizing that an American summer consists not as ours of "three hot days and a thunder storm," but of a series of hot days followed by a series of thunder storms.

RAILWAY STATIONS, &c.—There is a marked difference between American railroads and ours. In populous districts there are usually two lines or "tracks," (sometimes four) the "Up" track being on the right, while ours is always on the left; but in the remoter and Western States there is only one track. We have travelled over 2000 miles at one time on these one track railroads, and have not passed through a single town

with 2000 inhabitants, and once we travelled 200 miles and never even passed a house, so much less a hamlet, excepting every 20 miles the house of the inspector of the track. Of course in these desolate regions there is only one train a day. With the exception of New York, St. Louis, Boston, and one or two other places, the stations (or, as they call them, "depôts") are very poor structures, chiefly built of wood. There are no platforms, and, as the carriages are high, a footstool has to be used to ascend the steps. Trains are perpetually entering or leaving a station; warning is given by a huge bell on the engine, which must always be kept ringing when the engine is in motion, but there are no places of refuge for the bewildered traveller to flee to. Great liberty is allowed in entering or leaving a carriage. Sometimes where the track is laid for half a mile or more in the centre of the principal street in a town, (and this is no unusual thing, for instance, it is so at Buffalo, a city of 250,000 inhabitants) if it suits the convenience of a passenger to leave, he will get off the "car" where it suits him best, and no notice is taken of it by anyone. Even in Philadelphia the rails cross the principal street of the city (North Broad Street) on the level, and close to the largest "Depôt" in the city. In country towns half of the principal thoroughfare in the place is usually occupied by the tracks, but the bell is always kept going. No wonder that there are nearly 8000 deaths a year caused by railway accidents. When a train is started, but little warning is given to the passengers, everybody is expected to be in his seat at the time fixed for departure. No porter, (in America a porter is a "*rara avis*," every passenger having to carry his own "grip" and wraps,) no porter considerably calls out "Take your seats please,"

there is no preliminary examination of tickets, no ringing of bells five minutes before starting, but when time is up, the conductor calls out, "Arl Aboard" (all on board), the bell on the engine begins to toll, and the train gently moves along, giving just one last chance to any tardy traveller to jump upon the steps and save his train. In America you have to ask for the "ticket office," the term "booking office" would not be understood, and one "buys a ticket," not "takes" or "gets" one.

**SAFETY PRECAUTIONS.**—It is interesting to know how the departures of trains are regulated on railroads with a single "track." On such a line there is a "Track Controller," who is immediately informed by telegram of the arrival and departure of trains at each station, and of any delay or accident to them, so that he knows the position of every train, although he may be 500 miles or more away from the most distant one. He then telegraphs to the respective conductors (from time to time) ordering them where to stop, and meet trains going in the opposite direction. Thus all responsibility is centred in one person, and the safety of the passengers is not left in the hands of careless or negligent local "agents," as they call station masters.

**RAILWAY GUARDS.**—While I am thus writing of railroads, let me say a word or two about the "Conductors" of the trains. The Conductor of the train is a very different personage in America to our guard in England. An American conductor is an itinerant station master, guard, booking clerk and ticket collector all rolled into one. It is he who rules and regulates and starts the train. In case of need he can sell tickets, and in all cases he collects the tickets in the cars. As Guard he has little to do, for there is a "baggage man" to look after the luggage, and a "brakeman" to

look after the brakes. The conductor is a very superior man for that position in life, and the pay of a conductor might excite the envy of thousands of underpaid Curates and Ministers in England, for he receives 125 dollars a month, or £300 a year, and his subordinate, the brakeman, receives £120 a year. The marvel to me is that, with a perpetual surplus of labour in the market, the prices of labour can be kept up.

TICKETS.—The American ticket is very different from the English one. It consists of a series of small paper tickets annexed to each other and following the order of the route. Our Canadian Pacific Railroad ticket was about 40 inches long. One of those small tickets, being  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  wide carried us probably 1000 miles, while in the next 300 or 400 miles we might have to part with four or five tickets. One ticket generally covers the division of the line that the conductor goes. It is the practice of the conductors to collect the tickets immediately they come "on board" for the portion of the "track" they cover, and on taking your ticket, to place in the ribbon of your hat, *bon gré mal gré*, a little blue or white slip, according to the distance you are travelling with him, so that he may know he has received your ticket.

A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—The names of the Depôts or stations passed were very familiar to us. At Kingston we had to change carriages and leave our luxurious car for the ordinary omnibus first-class car. These carriages are often of enormous length, probably 80 feet long and seating about 80 people. There is a passage down the centre of the carriage, the seats are on either side, each seat accommodating two persons. At each end of the carriage is a "toilet"

room, and iced drinking water is also provided. These carriages are called "first" class, but only once or twice did we ever see a third class, or "emigrants' car," as they are called. So that as a fact there is only one class, and all sorts and conditions of men—and women too—meet there. A separate carriage is provided for smokers. The seats are well upholstered, sometimes being covered with crimson plush.

ACCIDENTS.—So that they may be ready when needed in case of accident, an axe, a saw, and a small sledge hammer, are required by law to be carried in each carriage and placed in a conspicuous position. To soothe the somewhat alarming thoughts raised by these implements, they are made (in the Pullman cars) to look as innocent and ornamental as possible, in having the metal part gilded.

CHECKING BAGGAGE.—The Americans have the most perfect and the most convenient system of registering luggage by trains or steamers of any people. The allowance of luggage, 150 lbs. each passenger, is very liberal. On arrival at the Depôt your luggage is deposited at the baggage room, you produce your ticket, (suppose you are going from New York to Boston) a small brass label marked "Boston," and bearing a number, is attached to the handle of the trunk by means of a small strap, and you receive a *duplicate* of such brass label with "Boston" and the same number stamped on the brass. When you reach Boston an authorised "Express Agent" comes "aboard" the cars, you give him your label and tell him to what hotel you desire your luggage to be sent, he gives you a memorandum and you pay him generally 50 cents. You have no more trouble. On alighting, without delay you ride or walk



to your hotel, and in an hour or two your trunk will be in your room. The Railways make no charge for checking baggage.

**A CONTRAST.**—Contrast the above satisfactory method with your arrival in a train from Edinburgh at some London terminus. What a scramble for luggage! with no identification but a label on it, and no certainty as to which part of the train of 12 or 15 carriages it is in. Poor ladies! poor invalids! what can they do? no one can identify it but themselves; whereas if it had a check or ticket the porter could get it as well as they. We know that noblemen and country squires can have their luggage specially arranged for and forwarded to their homes, but the general public are uncared for. We consider that our system of transporting luggage is a DISGRACE to us as a practical Nation!

**AN AMERICAN INIQUITY.**—Can we find any fault with the good American people? Yes! but it is with a very limited section, namely, with the Railroad Directors. Every one in these days is familiar with a sleeping car. In the American "sleeper" the seats you occupy by day become your couch at night, and then over you a berth, which is snugly put up by day, is let down over the lower one and occupied. Now our cause of complaint is this: One very hot day in August, say 85° to 90° in the shade, we were travelling in a sleeper. We two were the only occupants of the car by day, and at night too, excepting one man who occupied a berth at the far end of the carriage. We occupied two opposite bottom berths. When the porter made up our berths, we said to him, "As it is so hot to-night, please do not put down the upper berth as there is no one to occupy it." He was a very obliging porter, and said, "I am sorry. but I must do so, as it is against the

rule." We said, "Surely not when there is no one who can possibly occupy it, it is so hot we shall be suffocated if you put that down over our heads." He said, "I must do so." We said, "If you do it will be an *iniquity*." We thought so then and we still think so, although we have since had the advantage of the arguments that the Companies urge, as their reasons for doing it. They are not worthy of a liberal people, and are in direct *opposition to that generous and enlightened consideration* which seems to animate the American people, who carry out in every practical way that noble principle of Bentham, namely, to give "the greatest happiness to the greatest number." The present system is that of the "DOG IN THE MANGER." We were told that there is, happily, one State that ignores the specious and self interested arguments of all the other States, and has made a LAW that the top berth, if not occupied, SHALL NOT be let down—that State is MISSOURI !!

OVER HEATED CARRIAGES.—The carriages are lofty and well ventilated, and in the cold weather are heated by means of steam pipes. We should have said *over heated*, for not only do the pipes go round the sides of the carriage, but under the seats for the feet to rest on, and sometimes they pass even directly under the cushion of the seat and half cook the sitter. The heat is stifling and often unbearable, and the supply is very badly and injudiciously regulated. As we were aliens we did not like to complain, not knowing at first what the wishes of our fellow travellers might be, but found by experience that they were the same as ours, and the ladies were always complaining of being stifled. Still the steam pipes, bad as they are, are a great improvement on the hot stoves used in the days when Dickens made his visit to the States, and of which he so com-

plained. Many a time when the sun has been beautifully shining, and the day was fairly warm, have we had to stuff our rug over the pipes at our side to prevent the fumes of the heat rising up in our faces. We should say that over and over again the heat of the carriages was verging close upon 80° when 65° was all that need be desired. Our change of carriage was much for the worse; if the West Shore line was the frying pan, we were now (on the Mountain Railway) in the fire. In the former we were only knocked over when walking, but now sitting did not secure us an immunity from being cast on the floor. The sharp curves, the sudden jolts, were terrific, and we could only console ourselves with the thought that the train had performed the journey safely hundreds of times before, and it was to be hoped that it would do so this time. Moral: These by-lines are to be avoided. We travel quickly and are rising rapidly, now 1500 feet high, now 1600 feet high. We stop at Chichester, which the agent announces as "Chichester," and on we go to our destination, a little village up in the mountains.

### *A COLD RECEPTION.*

Arrived at our hotel, a fair sized inn, we go to the office, register our names, and ask if we can have two adjoining bedrooms. The proprietor (we must call him now the "boss") thinks awhile, and then turns over the pages of a book, apparently without object, and gives us no answer. It is after eight o'clock and we are hungry.

Again we repeat, "Can we have two bed-rooms?"

The Boss: "Well, I don't see how that's to be," and again he becomes abstracted, or indifferent—which?

We began to think "If this is the sort of reception that we are to have every time we go into an hotel, and are to be treated so coolly the sooner we are back in Old England the better. Fully three minutes elapsed, when, becoming perhaps a little impatient, we ventured to suggest that while he was settling the matter as to rooms in his mind, we might as well be partaking of supper. Without seeming to grasp this suggestion he began walking away. We said, "Where are you going"? He said, "To fix your supper for you." "Thank you," we said, and then patiently seated ourselves. In a few minutes supper was ready and ultimately we were accommodated with our two rooms, afterwards the "Boss" became very civil and attentive. Let us add that this "cold reception" was the only one we ever had.

SOCIAL AMENITIES.—We must just add one word of grateful remembrance of the Americans who were staying in that little hostelry. Strangers as we were they cordially took us into their circle, and made us feel quite at home by their polite attentions and little chats. These social amenities were a nice set off to the previous capricious behaviour of the "boss." We felt quite regretful to leave them all on the Monday, but we were not yet up high enough, and we found that the only way to send the thermometer *down* was for us *to go up*.

THE CATSKILLS.—Monday afternoon saw us safely housed in the enormous KAATERSKILL HOTEL on the summit of one of the hills of the Catskill range, probably 2000 feet above the Hudson. The thermometer certainly had gone down, if it was only three or four degrees, for the air was perceptibly cooler, we could breathe, and the skin no longer oozed with that enervating perspiration that heat without air produces. Here

at least there was some air, and life became endurable. They make up, it is said, 1500 beds in this big house, and from its length and its breadth, and its height, we can well conceive it. There were between 700 and 800 people there when we were, about 700 of them being Jews. There was every kind of amusement and a splendid band performed morning and evening. This Mammoth hotel is built of wood, and is several stories high, but as the wind here during the winter months is very strong and very violent, the edifice has to be anchored by means of several wire cables to the rocks to prevent a catastrophe.

**A SUPERB VIEW.**—The view from the terrace in front of the house on the East side is magnificent. The Hudson valley opens out at the foot of the Catskill range, and blends itself miles away with the haze of the Taghkanic Mountains. The Hudson river, narrow in one part and widening out in another, flows peacefully through the centre of the valley, bearing on its surface slow floating villages of timber, and swift gliding steamers. Hills some 3000 feet high rise on the other sides, well wooded to the topmost peak. It is said that, even to this day, the big yellow wild cats, from which the hills take their name, are to be found in some of the unfrequented parts of the mountains. Ugly animals they must have been to encounter, as we inferred from two or three stuffed specimens in the hotel. When pressed by hunger these cats would attack the unwary hunter and devour him.

**A PRIMEVAL FOREST.**—We have not space to enumerate all the pleasant walks and places of interest with which the immediate district abounds. A few yards from the hotel you can visit a primeval forest, where grand old pine trees, stricken

with age, have fallen to the ground years ago, (and as the tree falleth so it lieth.) Who can tell how long? So long it is, that they have rotted to their very centre without breaking in the least degree their outward form, and are so soft that one can push with very slight effort one's stick clean through them for two feet or more. What reflections passed through our mind as we strolled amidst the living and the dead! How often have these forest glades echoed to the war whoop of the ferocious Indian and been illumined by the blaze of his camp fires! Alas! the Indian has gone, but the glory of his forest home abides, as monuments mark the graves of warriors. The spirit of Fenimore Cooper stood by our side and pointed to the surrounding mountains and lakes, that he has rendered classic by his vivid record of heroic deeds and patient suffering borne by these warriors of the tomahawk. Alas! warriors no more, for few races of men on earth are more pitiable and mean to behold than the Red Indians of to-day; at all events it was so of those we saw.

INSECT LIFE,—We have no pretensions to a knowledge of entomology, yet he must be a very dull person who could take a stroll in the brilliant sunshine of the Catskills, without being struck with the abundance and variety of insect life. Myriads of butterflies were displaying their gorgeous wings in the noon-day rays, some were yellow, some were blue, and here and there an enormous "tiger" would spread his dazzling wings before us. Some Mammoth butterflies were nearly as big as bats. Grasshoppers were jumping about and singing in every direction, especially upon the footpaths, seemingly desirous of accompanying us in our walk, as they would sometimes keep springing before us three or four yards at a time, for twenty

or thirty yards or more. Locusts of variegated hues, but principally black with white spots on their wings, made themselves conspicuous by making a rattling noise, like a child's rattle, every time they leaped and flew. The very weeds were a novelty to us. We looked in vain here and everywhere else for *our* vulgar and ubiquitous stinging *nettle*. The only specimen we saw was one preserved in the Museum at Banff, (Alberta) and we were told by two Englishmen who had lived in the States over 30 years, that they had never seen one. While at Niagara on our second visit we thought we had bagged our hare, but on shewing our nettle to a naturalist he said it was no nettle, but "catnip."

GENIAL FRIENDS.—The pleasure of our stay at the Catskills was greatly enhanced by the geniality of, and the kindness shewn to us by a few Americans there. We were the only two English people in the house, and let us here say that we never came across an English tourist from leaving New York to arriving at Banff in the Rocky Mountains, a period of six weeks, and in the whole of the four months we were away, we never encountered, on shore, a dozen of our countrymen. We had been but three days in the country, and despite ourselves there was a sense of loneliness and isolation, espacially in so large a crowd. Our good friends (if we may be permitted to call them so) Dr. and Mrs. F., of Brooklyn, and Mrs. M. of New York, did all in their power to make us feel at home, and they succeeded.

The American character must have been very much belied, or have very much changed since the days of Dickens and Trollope, who gave us to understand that the American was a taciturn and uncommunicative being, who answered not when



spoken to, and treated the Englishman with sullenness or even rudeness; since we have proved for ourselves the utter untruthfulness of these suggestions, it has occurred to us, that there may have been something in the manner or tone of the interrogator that aroused the antipathy of the interrogated. We did however once come across a rather dull porter at a railway station who reminded us of a similar incident related by Trollope. We had obtained from the porter a glass of water, and said to him, "Is this water good?" He replied in slow, measured nasal accents, "Waal . . . I . . . guess . . . it . . . is." We said, "the water at H., where we have just come from, is not good." He replied, "Waal . . . I never . . . was there, so . . . I don't know." We were rather amused than otherwise at his laconic replies.

It will hardly be expected that in a rapid visit of some four months duration, we could very deeply gauge the American character. But we noticed the straws on the stream, and they as truly indicated the way the current flowed, as if an entire navy had been borne along its course. It is right also to confess that, although we were prepossessed in favour of those kind Americans, whose friendship we had made in Europe, we nevertheless entertained in common with our countrymen, some prejudices against our cousins over the water. Let us state it frankly, that we had made up our mind that it would be attempted to victimise us at every point. "Uncle Sam" had always been delineated as a very smart, cute specimen of humanity, who somehow or another got the best of every bargain, and rarely examined too closely the way or the means by which he got it. One or two notorious "pile makers" had been held up conspicuously as patterns of the

nation. We now see what a gross libel this was on the American people at large, and having humbly made our confession for holding such an opinion, we gladly do penance for it, and endeavour to make atonement by recording that which we truly found the people to be (especially in the Central and Western States) namely, just and equitable in all their dealings, and ever kindly disposed in their actions. Trollope said that the Americans were taciturn, morose, and boastful, and Dickens was not over complimentary towards them. "Jonathan" like the rest of mankind has his faults, and perhaps may be a little too proud of the bigness and power of his country, although the boast is founded on fact. We ought even to remember that "Jonathan" is still very young, and was much younger 50 years ago. We make no allusion to politics here, better not, but we should like to put this on record, that during our four months sojourn in the States, we were only begged of four times, we only saw one drunken man, and one street fight, and never heard an oath all the time; but we never had any gas-light experience.

### *PATRIOTISM.*

Here was a mighty nation built up of fragments, a Confederacy of States, and each State a nation (at least in area and often in population.) It was not until we reached America and crossed these States in our travels that we did, or could realize, that each State was a separate nationality. The peoples different, their manners different, their laws different, yet everywhere exemplifying the motto on their banner, "*e pluribus unum.*" One in heart, one in mind, one in purpose. I should think there is hardly another

nation on the earth where patriotism has so strong a hold on the hearts of its people as in America. I write only from an experience gained in the Northern States. Wherever you go the Stars and Stripes, or the Golden Eagle, are always conspicuous. It is natural to look for these on every public building whether governmental or social, but in their churches or places of worship the star-bespangled banner often has its resting place near the pulpit or platform. At every public school banners are ever to be seen, and even in the Kindergarten little children of five march each with its tiny flag of stars and stripes. What does all this mean? What does it all tend to? It must foster an early, deep and earnest affection for that national emblem of their unity, and fix in the heart the principles it embodies. A nation's flag is to a nation what honour is to a man.

### *A COSMOPOLITISM.*

It cannot help but strike one that a people so conglomerate in their composition, and having so many different origins, should be so compact in the mass. But it is in the very nature of conglomerates to be compact. What is harder and firmer than concrete? Here we have to begin with a good Anglo-Saxon basis, into which has been kneaded the Scotch, the Irish, the German, the Scandinavian, the Swiss, the French, the Italian and the Austrian, with a healthy infusion of strong Hebraic blood from all nationalities. If cross breeding produces strength, what bone and muscle there ought to be here! What a mingling of thoughts, habits, feelings, religions and politics there must be in such a mixture! Each man must be tolerant towards his neighbour. Thus at the outset springs up one great source of unity in opposites, mutual forbearance.

*LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.*

The next great factor to consider is the loudly proclaimed Spirit of LIBERTY. The subject is too wide even for me to enter upon ; but writing from superficial observation I should say that real, true Liberty is more enjoyed in America than in any other nation on the earth. In France they proclaim "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity"—they paint it up high and low on all their public buildings, and there it remains an idea ; but in America although never written and never paraded, it is a realisation. While I pen these lines I can call to mind a dozen instances to illustrate my assertion. The most obvious one that must strike all travellers is, the one class on the railroads, the one waiting-room at the stations, the one saloon on the steamers. The first day you arrive in New York you are levelled down. Anglo-Saxon asperities and angularities have to be chipped off. In the States nearly all the public buildings and offices are open to the public, any one may enter and go through without introduction, without permit, without payment, and see all that is shown. Take for instance the Assay Office in New York, the Mint in Philadelphia, and the Treasury at Washington (where 5000 tons of gold and silver are stored, the old notes destroyed and new ones issued)—these are all open to the public, free. The better to realize this freedom, this Liberty ! picture to yourself "Dick, Tom and Arry" presenting themselves at the Mint or the Bank of England in London, and expressing a desire to be shewn over. No doubt they would be politely informed that an order was first necessary, but at New York, Philadelphia or Washington the American "Dicks, Toms and Arrys" are admitted without demur—without

an order, or any introduction beyond their right as American citizens. This equality is very fully recognised among the people themselves. Class distinctions as far as possible are endeavoured to be obliterated; a servant is a help, a shopman is a clerk, and a shop a store. Further, this is exemplified by their manner of addressing one another—thus one day after obtaining my ticket at the station, the ticket-clerk said, pointing to a porter, who from his dress was evidently accustomed to very laborious work, "If you will go with that *"gentleman"* he will fix your baggage for you." I emphasise the word *"gentleman"*; he was a very good fellow and did his work efficiently and no doubt deserved his title. Subsequently I found that it was the invariable practice among themselves, for the labouring classes to refer to each other as *"gentlemen."* Another time in the hotel one chambermaid addressed the other chambermaid as *"Miss,"* so-and-so, *"will you do this?"* Some of my English readers may perhaps smile at these instances of politeness and respect one towards another, but on American soil they mean something more than they would do to us. Those of us who have read that marvellous book called *"Looking Backwards"* can see in these shadows the coming events that are to follow. Why should it be esteemed less *honourable* to make a bed, or black a pair of boots than to write out a prescription—to paint a picture, or teach French, German, or music? I say honourable: No doubt there is more intelligence required in the latter occupation than in the former, and it is this difference in intelligence that makes, and ever will make, the difference in the lots of men. But educate the bed maker and the bootshiner (as they will do in America, and that right soon) and the difference must and will vanish in a greater or less degree.

*AMERICAN KINDNESS.*

It is not every Englishman on his arrival in New York who is fully prepared to accept this equality. I had made up my mind beforehand, and therefore I was saved from the first from many little difficulties that might otherwise have arisen, and in the course of a few days, I began to discern the source from whence all this seeming familiarity arose. IT COMES FROM THE KINDNESS AND GOOD TEMPER OF THE PEOPLE. I feel sure that that is the true spring of it all, and that it does not arise from pride, conceit, or vanity, or the feeling that, "I am quite as good as you." Let me here say that in the four months that I was in America, with just one or two trifling exceptions, I met with nothing but politeness, civility, courtesy and kindness from every and all classes of the people, rich and poor alike, and considering the thousands of miles travelled, and the hundreds of people I came in contact with, this to me is a very precious and pleasant record to make. I came to see the people. I did see the people. I mixed with them freely ; I talked with them constantly, and from beginning to end I found them a kind and warm hearted people, always ready to give information, or to obtain it for you if not within their knowledge, willing to oblige and do all in their power for your comfort and convenience.

*A FRIEND IN NEED.*

Let me give a striking instance, it will illustrate my two points ; the first as to their kindness, and the second as to maintaining their equality. I had hardly been in the States 24 hours, therefore everything was very new to me, and in

some respects startlingly so. We had arrived at a little country hotel. The young man told off to show us our rooms and bring up our light baggage was a very pleasant and polite person. I afterwards found that he was studying medicine at one of the Universities, and during the vacation (as many others do) took service at an hotel. (At Chautauqua I suppose there would be 30 or 40 students there, doing service as waiters.) I had the misfortune to lose my watch key, the young man promptly gave me one of his. The new key did not work well, and the main spring of my watch broke. My new found friend on learning this mishap at once proffered to me his *gold* watch, and nothing would suit him but that I must wear it while the other was being repaired; he informed me he had another, so I reluctantly assented to his proposal. When I left the hotel I felt that I could not offer my friend a gratuity, so I begged his acceptance of some bundles of cigarettes, but nothing that I could say would induce him to have even them. He said to me, "You are kind enough to express your approval of what I have done, and that is all I desire. I have been very pleased to do what I have done." I was sensibly touched with his nice expressions, and exchanging cards and shaking hands we parted as friends. I have always pleasantly thought of this little episode, and have now great pleasure in recording it as the first of my many American amenities.

### *SERVICE DOES NOT DEGRADE.*

I am sure that my English readers will be surprised at the recital of my next experience of American service. This occurred on the "Soo Pacific." We were the only occupants of the Pullman Parlour Car. The porter of the car was as



usual a coloured man. There are in charge of each Parlour Car a conductor and a porter. On this occasion I suppose owing to the limited number of the passengers on that day, we had no conductor, but only a porter. He was a very slightly coloured man, so slightly so that one of our party took him for a white man. He was a very sensible and intelligent man, and we were struck with his politeness and kind attention to us. We had many little chats, and in one of them he told me that he was a BARRISTER ; that he had been articled for four years to one of the leading lawyers in Minneapolis, and that he was entitled to plead in the Courts, but that his health was bad, and for a time he had to give up his profession and act as porter on the railroad for a living. This is another illustration of the American principle that service does not degrade. This porter really was a bed maker, for our parlour car was a "Sleeper," or sleeping car ; a parlour by day and a bed-room by night, and it was the principal part of his duty to "fix" up the berths at night. This was the second lesson I had to take to heart and meditate upon. I found that the Anglo-Saxon mind was very full of prejudice, and that in our little island "Caste" was nearly as predominant as among the Brahmins of India. It is impossible to conceive of a barrister in England being a parlour car porter, unless he was an old broken down one and reduced to abject penury, and want, and had to take to this to save himself from the workhouse, abandoning thereby all hope of ever resuming his profession. But here was a young man, say of eight and twenty, taking a menial position without apparent loss, and able when strong to take up his profession again. What a great lesson we may learn from this.

## THE WORKING CLASSES.

Wages are high in America. First-class workmen receive five dollars a day, inferior men three and two dollars a day. Against this, clothing and house rent are dear, but food is cheap. The position of a working man is better in the States than it is in England. There is a great difference between the native born American and the foreigner, for it takes time to develop the American *character*, and the true type will not appear till the second generation. Let me give two examples to explain my meaning. One case is that of a chambermaid, who, especially when bedecked in her broad-sleeved *silk gown*, was always flouncing in to our room, (this is a very unusual thing.) She was the only rude woman we met with. I regret to say that she had recently arrived from England. The eagle's feathers did not suit the barn door fowl. The other was a genuine American; he was in charge of a horse and cart, loading it. Many parcels were carefully stowed in the cart. His horse, to avoid the playful antics of another horse, backed and threw the parcels down. One of course expected a volley of "Billingsgate," but all he did, was just to look at his horse, and then at his parcels, and go on quietly building them up again. Surely this was a manifestation of *good temper*.

The "profession" of a barber seems to me to be the most lucrative of all callings, because for simply getting one's hair and beard cut one has to pay from 35 to 40 cents, or about 1s. 8d. each time, as against our 12 or 18 cents. There are thousands of barbers in New York and barbers abound everywhere in the country towns. Each hotel has its "barber shop," and as the generality of the city young men are clean shaven there must be a good deal of daily work in this department alone, and as each man pays 10

or 15 cents for a shave, or 5d. or 7d. as against our 6 or 8 cents, the income derived from this source must be considerable. There is great rivalry and competition, yet these excessive prices are maintained. One would have thought that from the number of the barbers they would (figuratively at least) in the way of business, have cut each other's throats. Let us take another instance, the "Shoeblack." Here there is nothing under 10 cents or 5d. a "shine" as against our 2 or 4 cents. The art and mystery of blacking shoes is not very profound, and the capital required for stock-in-trade is but little, and the number of unemployed labourers in the market is great. How is it then that these extravagant prices can be maintained? There must be some occult cause that regulates prices utterly beyond supply and demand. One result of these high charges, based on the principle that "high prices limit sales" is that not many boots are blacked. The Americans find out how many days it is possible to wear a well blacked pair of boots, and many (especially ladies) even black their own. Men wear patent leather boots and brown tanned shoes, and thus the demand in the market is limited, notwithstanding all which prices are maintained. Let me just refer to another monopoly, for practically these may be so called. Cabs, or as they call them, "Hacks," are very costly in America, especially in New York. The shortest drive there, is 6s. against our 25 cents in London for two miles. If one goes out to dine, cab-hire there and back at the least, even in a hansom cab, is 3 dollars or 12s. ; if in a carriage 4 dollars, against our 50 cents or 1 dollar.

### *AMERICAN POLITENESS*

After this digression let us return to the consideration of the geniality of the American disposition. I was describing them to a "Sister," an English girl in one of the wards of a

New York hospital, as a very kind hearted people. She at once replied, "Yes, they are very good tempered," and she, under very painful and trying circumstances, must have had many opportunities of arriving at her conclusion. One often had occasion in visiting various cities to ask a policeman the way to such a place, the reply was always ready and cheerful, with probably some more information added which the policeman might think useful to one. I remember being in Butte City, I had occasion to ask a policeman the way to the mines there. He gave me the required information and then we got into conversation. He no doubt saw at once that I was a "tender foot," as they call all strangers in Butte City, and began to tell me various little matters of interest concerning the place. He was a Swede. Suddenly he asked me my name, which I at once gave him, and he said my name is so-and-so, and then offered me the right hand of fellowship, and after a hearty shake of the hand and thanking him for his information we parted. Here is another instance of that unobtrusive assertion of equality to which I have referred. The act was a simply spontaneous one, and I feel sure the motive came straight from his heart.

### *MIXED SCHOOLS.*

So many instances of this kind-heartedness of the Americans rise up before me as my pen glides over the paper that I am afraid to note them lest I may weary the patience of my readers, there are however two further instances that I must refer to, they both relate to the same subject, the great deference of the men to women. It is more than politeness, it is respect and consideration, and here they show their true

manliness. This deference is perhaps the more to be wondered at when one remembers the fact that in America boys and girls are educated and taught together, not only in the same schools, but in the same classes ; boys and girls being mingled together and seated in the class-room side by side. I must confess that it was only six months before I went to America that I had first heard of this arrangement, and certainly not without some astonishment, and probably many of my English readers may share to some extent with me in my surprise. Let it be noted that I do not refer to little children's schools, but to schools where young lads of 15, 16 and 17 mix indiscriminately with young maidens of the same age, and with perfect decorum and propriety. This matter has given me much to ponder over. We have an old adage, "Too much familiarity breeds contempt." On the contrary here ; it seems to breed a chivalrous feeling and deepen respect. America is after all a very strange land, and there are some curious problems being worked out in it, and this school problem is one of them, but the solution of this seems in a great measure to have been arrived at, and that in a most satisfactory manner, so I am told on all hands, and so my own observation leads me to believe. At all events American men, as we shall see, make model husbands.

### *TRAM CAR CIVILITIES.*

Nothing will so well illustrate the theory of American politeness as an example. Let us enter a New York, Boston, or St. Louis street tram car, crammed full of passengers, every seat occupied. Enter a lady, by no means young, but middle-aged, on the instant one or two seats are

vacant, the ideal deference has crystalized into polite action, the lady is seated and one man the more stands. Let me now speak for myself, I am no longer young, I shall never see 60 again. I enter another like crammed street-car; invariably one or two younger men are up at once and offer me their seats, I protest, but they prevail. I wish that these lines may be read by some of those polite youths, so that I may thus have the opportunity of metaphorically taking off my hat to them, and thanking them (and all such) for their considerate politeness. In the hotel elevators the same courtesy prevails. Let there be half-a-dozen hatted men in the cage—enter a lady, the unuttered cry all round is “hats off,” and all give way to let her make her exit first.

### MODEL HUSBANDS.

And now I come to the *finale* of these observations. I believe from my own knowledge and from the testimony of many, that the American husband is the *model husband* of the world. Let us focus a picture on the screen. The scene appears sylvan, with a lake and miniature bridge, we recognise it at once. It is Lincoln Park, Chicago; temperature 80° in the shade. Time, the first week in August. A Sunday afternoon—enter father, mother and three children, one of them in a perambulator. Who wheels the perambulator? Perambulator disappears, father pushing it, and mother quietly strolling behind with two children. At the left appears another family group, a little fellow of two is tired, and is being carried. The mother is fanning herself—but who carries the child? Father smiles as the little one puts his arms round his neck and gives his cheek a loving kiss. How many kisses do

English fathers lose by letting the mother do all the drudgery both indoors and out! Dr. McIntyre, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Denver, (he being originally a Scotchman) is responsible for my assertion, that the American husband is the best husband in the world. I heard him preach; subject, "The Model Husband." He told us a story *apropos* to this subject, that when he was over in Scotland lately, his cousin, a woman, went out with him one hot summer's afternoon, weltering under the burden of a heavy child in her arms. Good American as he was, and accustomed to hold the baby, he offered to carry it, saying, "If I was in America and did not offer to help you they would cry shame on me," and she said, "If I was to let you carry it, all the women in our village would cry shame on me." May not the New World teach the Old Country something in these matters!

### DOMESTIC.

HOUSES.—The general appearance of country houses in America is much more Continental than English. We were quite surprised to find this so. In some places the poorer class of cottages resemble Swiss chalets, but the great majority of the houses are more like Norwegian houses, being built of wood and painted in bright light colours. In the towns the houses are neither English nor Continental in appearance, but are strictly American, inclining towards English. They are somewhat formal and severe in their general outline, but exquisitely neat in finish in all their details. Sometimes however they are greatly disfigured by the fire escape iron staircases outside the front of the buildings. We think our English architects might profit by a visit to the States to inspect their



domestic architecture, notably in New York, Newport, and St. Louis, which latter places possess in our humble judgment the finest examples of private mansions that we have seen anywhere, rivalling even the palatial residences of some of our nobility in London. The houses in the States if not built of stone, are principally built of red brick.

INTERIORS.—The *interiors* of the half dozen private houses we were privileged to enter were all furnished and arranged much more in Continental style than English, and sometimes the walls and ceilings were quite Italian with their gay paperings. The floors of the reception rooms had varnished sides, and large rugs or carpets for the centre. The staircase was invariably carpeted the whole width. There were open English fire-places, but as a rule the house is warmed by pipes, and thus it becomes a fashion in America of leaving the sitting-room doors wide open so as to admit the warm air from the hall. A great deal of the lighter work of the household is frequently performed by the ladies of the house, and thus the servants are not unfitly called "helps." The Americans are very early risers; generally the hour for breakfast is half-past seven o'clock, and as they go "early to bed," all the other beneficial contingencies seem to follow the old adage. In many of the houses and hotels window sash cords are not used, and very disagreeable methods are provided for keeping up the windows. The bedsteads are all made of wood and very plain, having only a headboard about four feet high, and a footboard about two feet. They never have curtains to the beds. The people seem to be haunted with the fear of fire, and the iron ladders, escape ropes, red lamps burning on the landings, and other inventions provided in the hotels for aiding the guests to escape

in case of fire, are enough to cause a panic in the mind of the traveller and prevent sleep, but one sleeps all the same, even if the way of escape is through your bedroom, as was the case with us at Philadelphia. Buckets of water and fire hose are on every landing, and a night watchman is constantly going round.

**ELECTRIC FIRE ALARM BELL.**—We should like to refer to a very ingenious Electric Fire Alarm Bell. We saw it on one of the magnificent Fall River steamers. There are several hundred state rooms on those boats, sometimes they sleep as many as 2000. In every state room there is a button for ringing an alarm bell. This button acts automatically ; it has a strong spring attached to it, the button is pulled out and fixed in position by wax, so that the spring cannot pull it back, when the spring does pull it back the alarm bell rings. Now let us suppose that in any one of these state rooms a fire should occur in the absence of the occupant, the heat would soon reach 150°, and immediately that occurred the wax would melt and let go the spring, and the alarm bell would ring, giving the number of the state room, and the bell would continue ringing till someone stopped it, the watchman would be on the spot instantly.

**ROADS.**—The roads and streets as a rule in America are bad, and this observation applies equally to Canada. In some of the larger cities the principal streets are fairly well paved or asphalted, but the side streets and footpaths are anything but creditable to them. In the country districts wood is much employed not only for the footpaths, but for planking the carriage roads. Even in large towns in the suburban streets planks are laid for footpaths. This practice prevails more in

Canada even than in the States. In a country so vast, with the great towns so far apart from each other, one can well understand why the roads are not so good as in places more circumscribed. Brigham Young when he laid out the noble and spacious streets of Salt Lake City had an eye to the imposing and effective, but he probably never contemplated what it would cost to keep the wide roads in working order, his successors no doubt have had to face that difficulty, but it appears to have been too much for them, and the roads seem to be left to take care of themselves. Athens and Constantinople have the worst streets and roads that we have ever travelled on, and after them we yield the palm to America.

A BUGGY.—The domestic carriage of the Americans (in the country and country towns at all events) is the "buggy," a light vehicle with two seats in a body, like a long box painted a dark colour and varnished, on four slim, high wheels, the front wheels nearly as high as the back, and drawn generally by one horse. A buggy is very difficult to turn, we do not mean to turn over, we should think that is easily done, but to turn a corner, as the front wheels do not go under the body of the carriage, and in turning it is often necessary to back in the contrary direction in order to weather the point. Some have flat covers to shield the occupants from the sun, fixed to iron rods at each corner of the body of the carriage. Some are drawn by two horses. They are very light, and we think very fragile and very unsafe, and often when they turn the front wheel grates discordantly on a piece of iron fixed on the body of the carriage to prevent the wheel wearing it away. In the cities the carriages are much the same as in Europe, save that the closed carriages, especially the broughams, are a little stiffer and more antiquated

in form, and have the doors made much longer and the windows much smaller than we have. We saw a fashionable lady in New York driving a phaeton with three horses, "*en troika*," that is to say abreast, and two other fashionable demoiselles riding in a beautiful hansom drawn by two horses abreast, also a lady riding in the park, like the Indian women ride, that is *à l' amazone*.

COACHMEN.—The comfort and convenience of the drivers of carriages and other vehicles are well considered. We remarked that on many private carriages (probably doctors' broughams, where the drivers have to remain for long periods exposed to the heat of the sun, and the violence of the weather) there was a canopy extended over the head of the driver, (being a prolongation of the roof of the carriage) to protect him from sun and rain. We also noticed in many other vehicles, when it was raining, that the apron reached very nearly up to the driver's neck, thus completely protecting the body and arms. The difficulty as to holding the reins was got over by passing them through a convenient slit in the apron, to the hands of the driver.—*verb sap.*

SHOPS or STORES.—London, Paris and Vienna cannot vie with the magnificent magazines of New York for size and accommodation, and the latter may contest with either of the former as to the richness and costly nature of the goods displayed. Whatever wealth can obtain, is to be found in New York. Unsophisticated as we are in matters relating to fashion, it seemed to us from the gay and graceful costumes of the ladies as seen in Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third Street, that New York instead of receiving her fashions from Paris ought to transmit hers to Europe. The ladies of New

York appeared more stylish than those of Regent Street ; perhaps climate has something to do with this, as the former can wear lighter, brighter and more elegant costumes than the latter, who have all sorts of bad weather to contend with. One who accompanied us, and is a far better judge in these matters than we are, concurs in these remarks.

And now I must leave that which, to me, has been a great source of pleasure. I know I have not told the half, but I am afraid on the one hand of wearying my reader, and on the other of appearing to over rate or over praise these special phases of American character. I felt that I must at least write what little I have written, first, to give vent to the many emotions that have filled my heart and made it beat with gratitude towards all sorts and conditions of men during my, alas ! too short sojourn in America, and secondly, that this unbiassed expression of an Englishman's views of American character, may dissipate many false impressions that have been imbibed by the English public from reading books, written no doubt with good and honest intentions, but under insular prejudices and preconceived ideas of superiority, and without due allowance being made for all the circumstances that environ and surround the American citizen.

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**KAATERSKILL CLOVE.**—A clove is a cleft in a mountain, in other words it is a valley or ravine, which has been cloven in a mountain side or between the mountains. The Kaaterskill Clove is a very picturesque and magnificent ravine. It is probably six or eight times as deep and wide, as the beautiful Pass of Killicrankie in Scotland. It is very grand. The

drive down from the hotel, through this beautifully wooded and in parts precipitous valley, is a series of delights, and was unique among the many sights we saw in America. We reached Pallensville (at the foot) safely, after many jolts and scrapings of the wheels of the buggy on the body of the carriage in turning the very sharp corners, and took train to the Hudson, which we crossed, and then took rail to

LEBANON SPRINGS, a charming little town most picturesquely situated at the foot of the Berkshire Hills. We stayed at a very comfortable hotel, there was dancing in the evening, the three musicians being ladies. We saw the spring with its deep crystal pool bubbling up at a temperature of 73° winter and summer alike. It was from here we made our visit to the *Shakers* at Lebanon. The weather was still very sultry and the next morning we had another terrific thunder storm. We took rail, and about three o'clock in the afternoon we reached Saratoga.



## RELIGIOUS ASPECTS.

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### *TOLERATION.*

**O**N the day that we left Washington we were somewhat astonished by hearing the Hall Porter, (a coloured man) who was whisking us down shortly before our departure from the hotel, say, "Waal Saar, are you going to leave our Godless country?" We had certainly not thought that the Americans were a "godless" people, notwithstanding the fact that in many places stores were open on the Sunday, and businesses of various kinds engaged in on that day. People seemed to take their pleasure much the same on the first day of the week as on any other day,—dancing, music and singing were enjoyed and festive parties were made up either for outdoor excursions or indoor recreation. Public conveyances, steamers and trains ran much the same on Sundays as other days, and newspapers were printed and read as usual. So that although we could not say that the Americans were very strict Sabbatarians, yet we were far from thinking them "godless." They abound in Churches (and there all places of worship are Churches); they have large and sometimes overflowing congregations, cultured and eloquent preachers, and highly trained and large choirs, supplemented by instruments. The congregations were reverent in their bearing, excepting when a minister would occasionally raise a laugh at one of his smart sayings, or the use of a popular slang term. One perhaps might have expected,



considering their Puritanical descent, that they should have appeared a little more sedate, but of this we feel certain that to all the proprieties and sanctities of life they are as keenly alive as their English brethren, and from general report we believe they excel them in many respects. In charities they are munificent, and in the larger cities each denomination supports its own hospital, although its doors are open to all sufferers without distinction of creed. Their Church architecture is very fine, and some of their most recently built Churches would vie with and probably surpass the more modern Churches and Chapels in England. They are liberal to excess to their Ministers, and their Sunday Schools might be taken as models for some of ours. Religious literature is abundant in the States, and some of their publishing establishments, such as the Methodist Book Concern and others, are examples to the world.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—We describe the following incident which occurred in a Dissenting Church one Sunday morning during the service, to show how in some respects the Americans differ from us in matters relating to worship. The Minister informed the congregation that owing to some repairs which had been recently done, the trustees had incurred a debt of 50 dollars, and he hoped that that morning the people would pay it off. They only wanted 50 subscribers, 16 at 2 dollars, 10 at 1 dollar, 10 at half a dollar, and (that all might contribute) 12 at a quarter of a dollar. He then put up the 2 dollar subscriptions and obtained readily about 10 subscribers, then he took upon himself to put down Mr. A. and Mr. B. who were absent, for 2 dollars each, that made 12 subscribers. "Now," he said, "we only want four more. Mr.

C., may I put you down?—thank you. Now Mr. D.—thank you. Two are yet left—Mr. E., you would not like to be left out; and I see Miss F. is desirous to subscribe.—thank you. Now we will go to the one dollar, and I shall expect the offers to be more rapid.” We quietly slipped a dollar into the hand of a collector, and said, say “from a visitor.” When it was handed in to the Minister he said, “We are always glad to welcome visitors, especially when they bring their dollars.” The remaining amounts were soon collected, and the debt was thus cleared off. We did not ascertain whether this was the customary manner of paying off debts, or only a special spasmodic effort, at any rate it was effectual. We could not however commend its adoption in English churches, as it violates flagrantly that divine precept of not letting “thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth” in the matter of alms, which are not to be done “before men.” We are afraid that in this way many alms are given by compulsion on account of the stress of “public opinion,” thereby robbing the giver of much blessing, for “God loveth a *cheerful giver*.” The next day we journeyed in the train for many hours with the same Minister and his wife, and found him to be a cultured, genial and pleasant companion, and his wife one of the most intelligent and vivacious women we had met with in the States, and that is saying a great deal where all are so highly educated.

*DOUBTS.—I Cor. xiv. 8.*

May we be permitted to bear our humble testimony to the faithful manner in which the Ministry in America in the Methodist Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches uphold the Orthodox faith. We do not remember ever to have heard an

"*uncertain sound*" from any pulpit. They ignore Agnosticism and the higher criticism, at least in the pulpit. No doubt they believe that a series of sermons, "On what the Jews or Scientists think of the Christian religion," would not tend to establish Christian faith, especially in the younger members of the congregation. No man would set about teaching children pure English by giving them to learn by heart all the common and vulgar errors, if it was only for the purpose of avoiding them. He would fail in his task, who sought to establish purity in the soul, if he referred indirectly to the impure. Would one teach a child to honour its father and mother by repeating to it the tittle-tattle of their neighbours concerning them. Many a doubt has for the first time been injected into the heart of God's true children from the pulpit. If a man does not believe what he preaches, he is a despicable creature and ought to come down out of the pulpit. If he does believe it he ought to preach it faithfully and boldly; what does it matter to him if all men are liars if "God be true." With us it is very common, especially with young preachers, to forget that the pulpit is not a Theological professor's chair. What may be very suitable for the class is often positively wrong for the Church. Sometimes these gifted youths to air their learning, parade a false doctrine, for the purpose of demolishing it, and egregiously miss their mark, better have left it alone. The finest satire on this style of preaching is conveyed in a little story, perhaps somewhat threadbare, but which will suffer no harm by one more repetition. "The Dean of A. had been made Bishop of B., he preached one Sunday at A. as Bishop. His very "cultured" sermon was intended to be a complete demolition of Agnosticism. After the ser-

vice he said to the old verger, "Well, Grummit, how did you like my sermon?" He replied, "Well, my lord, very much, it was very beautiful and very learned; but you know *after all* I still believe that there is a God." Poor Bishop!

Yet after all America is a strange land from a religious point of view, for side by side with orthodoxy is heterodoxy. Their land is free, and Liberty of conscience is a fundamental principle of their constitution. In some respects they have already found it too elastic, and have had to restrict its limits. It is hard to deny liberty to all, however strange their doctrine, their creed, and their practices may be. Where must the line be drawn? The Christian tolerates the Jew. The Trinitarian the Unitarian. The Puritan the Agnostic. The Shakers the Mormons, and the Materialists the Spiritualists, and all have to tolerate each other.

### THE SHAKERS.

From a Christian point of view the Shaker, in doctrine and faith, is as far from Orthodoxy as the Mormon—nay, this is hardly fair to the Mormon, for the Mormon is a Christian, but he is something more, whilst the Shaker denies some of the great fundamental verities of the Christian faith. "1. They do not believe in God as a tripartite being *solely masculine*, defined *the Holy Trinity* of human creeds." "4. Jesus was not God, but simply God's vicegerent; nor by his birth of Mary was he the true spiritual Son of God, as our Saviour." "9. Jesus's death on the cross of wood constitutes no part of the plan of salvation instituted by our Heavenly Father; it simply operated to delay its progress." "10. . . . The physical blood he shed had no part in the plan of salvation."

"11. . . . No vicarious atonement!" . . . "As well have vicarious nutrition, and respiration, as vicarious obedience." These extracts are taken from "Sketches of Shakers and Shakerism," by Giles B. Avery, obtained from the community at Mount Lebanon. At p. 49 of the same work they say, "The Shakers while confiding in the inspired testimony of many of the biblical writers, deny that the Bible of any nation, or people, is the word of God." . . . "But these people deem that portions of the Christian bible are a faithful *Record* of a measure of that *word*." "That the bible is not all yet written." This little work no doubt contains much that is good : it testifies at p. 12 that "while Shakers live absolutely, pure virgin lives, no people in the world enjoy such a range of freedom, in the social sense, between the sexes, but it is required to be free from all that would tend to fleshly affections and actions." "The power thus to live, in virgin purity and innocence, is found in the conviction that a spotless virgin, angelic life is the order of the kindom of Christ, and is higher, better, happier, than a sensual, worldly life. Add to this protective bye-laws, which all are in honour bound to keep, thus, one brother and one sister not allowed to work together, walk out or ride out together alone ; nor hold lengthy conversations together alone." Under the head of "Society Arrangements," it says, "These are into families, varying in numbers from very few to 150 or more. These families consist of both sexes and ages. Their organization, formulas and bye-laws are anti-monastic ; each sex, however, occupying separate apartments (including those married, who have become members) all in the same dwelling ; both sexes take meals in the same hall. at the same time, each sex by themselves, except small parties at unusual meal times ;

these, both at the same table. They kneel in prayer before, and in thanks after each meal ; partake of meals in silence."

Under the head of "How to become a Member of the Shaker Order," the pamphlet says, "1. Any soul may become a member of the Shaker Institution or Christianity . . . by first *confessing all sin* to God, in the *presence* of a living, Christ witness, who in like manner has confessed all sin, and is appointed Elder, or Eldress and *Confessor*." . . . "2. A further source of membership is to take up a daily cross against all the passions of a worldly, generative life, living a life of pure, virgin celibacy." "3. To come out from the world and be separate . . . " "True Christianity, as understood by Shakers, ultimates in a full consecration of *treasure* as well as time and talents, to the support of the Household of Faith and its missionary and charitable enterprises." "The consecration of property is to be entirely an act of free will ; no demands are made !" "6. All members of the community are kindly and dutifully cared for, in sickness and in health, no difference being made on account of property considerations." "8. The doors of the community are not open to any persons as a *merely charitable* institution."

The "Theology of the Shakers" is somewhat difficult to define. We have already made some extracts of their doctrines which are more of a negative than a positive teaching ; we must content ourselves with giving only two further extracts. "5. The manifestation of *Christ* in *Jesus* did not perfect God's plan for human salvation and redemption from sin and sinful nature." "6. There was to be a second coming of the Christ spirit *in his glory*—not of *Jesus* but of *Christ*, manifest *in and through the female*—woman the *glory of man* : thus, redeemed

man, in dual character the *glory of God*." This last paragraph expresses a great mystery, probably too deep for the ordinary reader to solve. Perchance some meaning may be given to this occult doctrine if we turn back to page 4. We find there, "Out of this Society ANN LEE arose about 1770, having received, as was believed by a multitude of witnesses, a revelation *of* and commission *from* the Christ spirit in the character of the "BRIDE" of the "BRIDEGROOM." As everybody knows, Ann Lee, an English woman settled in America, was the founder of the Community in 1787, which now numbers about 4000 souls.

Whatever may be the doctrines and teachings of the Shakers, their neighbours and the surrounding world testify that they live a pure and blameless life, that they are an industrious, frugal and sober people. We paid a visit to their original Community at Mount Lebanon, Colombia Co., N. Y. We inspected the chapel, the dining-room, kitchen, sitting and conversation rooms and dormitories; everything was scrupulously clean and neat, and the sleeping rooms had even an air of refinement and coziness. The majority of the members were away at field-work, but all whom we saw appeared cheerful, bright and happy, and were of the humbler class of life. Several women were busily engaged in bottling and packing the celebrated "Mother Siegel's Syrup." One may say that this is consistent with Shakerism, for they believe in remedies for the cure of sickness. Our readers may probably be interested to learn where that world advertised Syrup is made. The Shakers are great at inventions and claim to have been the first to invent and manufacture "cut nails" and "metallic pens" (made of brass and silver.) Every member must be

engaged in some manual labour or other useful pursuit. We were very pleased with what we saw, and with the simplicity of the people, and one could wish that their doctrine was not so complex ; but perhaps it is simple to them. The situation of the various houses of the Community at Mount Lebanon is very picturesque ; the country is undulating and well cultivated, the fields have an appearance of neatness and tidiness, trees are advantageously planted, and the surrounding wooded heights of the Berkshire hills give the place an air of calmness and repose suited to its religious character. The village is about two miles from the picturesque little town of Lebanon Springs, and is easily accessible from it.

### *THE MORMONS.*

And now we must turn our thoughts for a few moments from the developement of a new religion in the East, Shakerism, to a still stranger manifestation, Mormonism, in the West, although its origin also first took place in the East in the State of New York. We say a stranger manifestation, stranger in its inception, stranger in its development, and marvellously stranger in its results. Mormonism would seem to be rather a retrograde movement than an advance. Shakerism on the contrary in its ultimate outcome holds and accepts in its integrity one of the highest, purest, and latest teachings of the gospel—celibacy. Whereas Mormonism maintains the first great social institution of the Creator—MARRIAGE, and esteems the institution so highly that it becomes the predominant feature in its religious and social life ; following, as they say, the example set by the Patriarchs of old. What a complex problem we have here ! The Shaker wrapping round him his garb of chastity looks in



pity, if not in sorrow, at the carnal minded *monogamist*, whilst the latter, satisfied that he is right, openly expresses his contempt and even horror at the *polygamist*.

Our glance must indeed be a very rapid one, we may say almost a superficial one, but it shall be one based solely on experience and the perusal of their own books and not from hearsay. Probably the best way to do this will be to give a brief account of the preaching we heard on the one Sunday afternoon of our stay in Salt Lake City. Our readers, like ourselves, may be somewhat startled at the revelations then made. The service was held in a small chapel, the great Tabernacle being closed for repairs. Several dignitaries of the Mormon Church were on the platform. There was no pulpit. We do not remember the name of the presiding Elder, a benevolent looking elderly man, he was supported by five or six others, among whom were the "Patriarch" of the Mormon Church, John Smith (a nephew of the "Prophet" Joseph Smith) and the "President of the Seventies," Edward Stevenson. Both of these had come out when young, one as a mere boy, when (under the leadership of Brigham Young) the persecuted Mormons made their exodus across the wilderness, and found a place of shelter amid the mountains of Utah, by the shores of that "Dead Sea" of the West, the Great Salt Lake. It was the latter who preached. The preliminary part of the service was very similar to that of a Dissenting place of worship in England. Hymns were sung, but as we had no hymn book (and none was offered to us) we do not know the nature of the hymns sung. Then prayer was offered, apparently quite orthodox, except that in one place reference was made to "Thy servant Joseph," (presumably the "Prophet" Joseph

Smith.) The Bible was read, we believe both from the Old and New Testaments. The Book of Mormon was not read, nor even referred to. Then came the sermon.

### *A MORMON SERMON.*

It dealt in the main with the *authority* of a preacher ; that he must be called and sent. It was so far a plain, practical and convincing address. We feel sure that few could have taken exception to any part of it. Then the preacher referred to the persecutions of the Mormons in the States, in their early days ; the confiscation of their property, referring in detail to certain lands of his father's, which were now justly his, but of which he is still deprived. He then referred to the murder of Joseph Smith in Carthage gaol, and lastly he spoke of the Mormons being driven into exile, and how the people of the Lord had found the true Zion, and had turned an arid wilderness into a fruitful and fertile Garden of Eden with the waters of Jordan running through it. So far so good. No one can deny that wherever the Mormons have planted their feet they have made the desert to bloom. Let one go but a few miles away from charming, lovely Salt Lake City with its beautiful and spacious avenues lined with chestnut, acacia, maple and locust trees, with streams of crystal water flowing on either side of the road, and they will find a wretched watery waste of shallow salt pools and sandy plains with scrubby shrubs, and here and there a neatly railed-off farmstead rising triumphantly out of the wilderness, with a patch or two of maize clinging to it.

Let us now resume the Sermon. We were then told that the " Prophet " Joseph Smith had by the gift of revelation, been able to proclaim to the world the site of the Garden of

Eden, the veritable true Garden in which Adam and Eve dwelt—not the land of Eden in which their city was built. All the wise men in the world had not been able to discover where the garden was; it was all surmise and guess work. But Joseph Smith knew by revelation where it was—IT WAS IN AMERICA! and it is perfectly clear where it was, for did not a river go out of Eden and became into four heads and branches, (See Genesis ii. v. 10 to 14.) and were not those four rivers the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio and the Arkansas rivers? The next startling revelation was that during a recent visit made by the preacher to Jackson Co., Missouri, he had seen the very stone that (according to the "Prophet" Joseph Smith) had served Adam for an altar when he was turned out of the Garden of Eden. Then a short allusion was made to the fact, that at that time the continents of Europe and America were united and had since been separated by the sea, and lastly, that the American Indians were portions of the lost tribes of Israel. Certainly there is novel matter here for reflection. We must leave our readers to refute the assertions here made at their leisure.

POLYGAMY is a thing of the past in Salt Lake City. The guns of Fort Douglas, within easy range of the town, have had a repressing influence. The law is now supreme. It is a very sad thing when law has to be enforced among a people at the cannon's mouth, especially when that law is *ex post facto law*, as we are told it is in this case. Marrying is one thing, but un-marrying is another; and there are hundreds of wives in Utah that by the new law are now made widows with husbands living, and children many, who cannot call their fathers by that honoured name. With us an *ex post facto law* is unknown.

If in Utah the law *is now* broken by polygamous marriages, the breaker of the law will be righteously punished, for he does that which is unlawful with his eyes open, and must take the consequences of his illegal act.

SOME MORMON DOCTRINES.—Our space will not permit of our entering into the doctrines and teachings of the Mormons at length. As we have said, they acknowledge the authority of the BIBLE but they add something more, viz., the BOOK OF MORMON and other books. With them the ten commandments are binding, and they accept the two of our Lord: "To love God and to love our neighbour." Question 21 in their Catechism is: "What is your duty to all mankind? *A.* To love them, and to treat them with kindness." They accept the FALL of man, but with strange views concerning it, diametrically opposed to those generally received: Thus, "*Q.* 14. (the Fall.) Did Adam and Eve lament or rejoice because they had transgressed the the commandment, and become acquainted with the nature of evil and good?" "*A.* They *rejoiced* and *praised* God Pearl of Great Price, page 19." "*Q.* 15. Is it proper for us to consider the transgression of Adam and Eve as a *grievous calamity*, and that all mankind would have been *infinitely more happy if the Fall had not occurred?*" "*A.* No: but we ought to consider the fall of our first parents as one of the great steps to eternal exaltation and happiness, and one ordered by God in His infinite wisdom, for we cannot know the excellency and beauty of that which is good, unless we experience the wretchedness and deformity of that which is evil." Probably our readers will think this strange reasoning, at all events it is new and startling. Nevertheless mixed with all this are the

great foundations of the Christian faith. Under the head of "Redemption from the Fall," the following questions occur: "3. *Q.* How then was a redemption from the effects of the Fall wrought out? *A.* God sent His only begotten Son, who knew no sin, to die for the sins of the world and thus satisfy the demands of justice. Rom. v. 8, 10. 1 Tim. i, 15. 4 *Q.* Can men be redeemed from the Fall through the mediation of any other being than Jesus Christ, or in any other way than the one pointed out? *A.* No: the redemption by Jesus Christ is the only one. Act iv. 12. Book of Mormon, 1. Nephi x. 6. Mosiah iii. 17." Respecting the Sacrament, question 5 is as follows: "Among what people did Jesus Christ institute the Sacrament? *A.* Among the Jewish disciples at Jerusalem just previous to his death, and among his Nephite disciples IN AMERICA just after His resurrection. Matt. xxvi. 26, 29. Book of Mormon, 3 Nephi xviii. 1—12." With these quotations we must close our remarks on the Mormons. We shall have something more to say in another chapter of what we saw whilst we were in Salt Lake City.

We have placed the Shakers and Mormons in juxtaposition, as they probably illustrate best the wide ranges of religious belief in America. One is strangely heterodox in doctrine, but pure in practice; the other is more orthodox in principle, but widely diverging from the path of modern views. No man can judge another. All will have to answer to the Supreme Judge at the final reckoning, according to the light he has had and according as he has followed, or otherwise, the dictates of his own conscience. There is a universal law, applicable to all, to the reader and the writer irrespective of creed. "And that servant, which *knew* his lord's will, and prepared not himself, *neither did according to his will*, shall be beaten with many stripes." Luke xii. 47.

*DIVINE HEALING.*

Another strange religious phase occurred while we were at Denver. A poor illiterate man named Schlater was the talk of the town. It was currently reported that the people believed him to be some great one, (we forbear to say whom) and that he had the power to cure all manner of diseases. People flocked in to Denver by hundreds and thousands to be healed by him of their maladies. Many offered him money, but he refused to take any. He never preached, and during the day-time was constantly in the street by the bridge, in all weathers and at all hours. We never saw him, but we were told that his clothing was almost all rags. We heard him once referred to from a very popular pulpit in Denver as "our dear brother on the other side of the bridge." We believe the truth about him to be this. When the people came to him to be healed, he told them plainly and clearly that he had no healing power; the people were hard to be persuaded that he had not, for many had been cured of their diseases by coming to him, and several living at a great distance, went so far in their enthusiasm as to send hundreds of handkerchiefs to him that he might touch them and give healing virtue to them, but he refused to do any such thing and rebuked them for their folly. All that he did was to proclaim himself as a living witness to God's faithfulness, and to ask the people who came to be healed, if they had faith to believe that God could heal them; if they said "yes, they had," then he said, "if it is God's will for you to be cured, and you have faith in God that He will do it, you will be cured," and it is said that very many were healed. Day by day hundreds gathered round; some to mock and

some to jeer, yet Schlater stood his ground like a faithful soldier, the authorities of the town giving him protection. Shortly after we left Denver some proceedings took place in the Police Court, and it was said that it was necessary to call Schlater as a witness, but Schlater did not desire it, and so mysteriously left Denver, and as far as we know, had not since been heard of. It was supposed that he had met his death whilst travelling in a "freight" train which took fire.

### MRS. BELLA COOKE.

A few years ago we had placed in our hands a book giving an account of the life, sufferings, and work of Mrs. Bella Cooke of New York. We read it with much interest, and marvelled to think that there could be so much faith on earth, and more still to see how that faith was honoured. We determined if ever we were permitted to visit America, we would call on Mrs. Cooke, who during the 46 years that she has been confined to her bed through illness (never having once left it during all that period) has been so wonderfully used of God in the conversion of many, (it may probably be said of her that few *private* individuals have been more used of God in that respect than Mrs. Cooke) in strengthening the faith of the weak, in encouraging and directing the efforts of Christians of all denominations, and in administering temporal relief to thousands, by means of the funds that have annually been sent to her for her wise and judicious distribution. To our sorrow we heard at first that she had been called from her sphere of usefulness on earth; but prosecuting our enquiries, we learnt that she was, although 74 years of age, still engaged in her blessed mission of doing good. Having obtained her address

we hastened to call upon her. On arriving at 492, Second Avenue (New York) we were directed to a little tenement in the rear of the houses fronting the street, and told to mount the staircase. At the top our eye fell upon a card, conspicuously placed, with the word "*Welcome*" on it. Encouraged thereby we knocked at the door, expecting on opening it to see a poor bed-ridden old lady, feeble and infirm. In reply to our knock we heard a clear distinct voice say, "Come in." We opened the door and to our astonishment beheld an elderly lady, but without a grey hair, or hardly one, sitting up in bed, who gave us a bright and cheerful welcome, inviting us to take seats. We spent a most delightful and pleasant hour with her and felt greatly helped by her bright and happy testimony under such adverse circumstances. Forty-six years on one couch ! Why ! 46 years is a lifetime ! And her's has been a very active and useful life. We visited her on another occasion. "Thanksgiving Day," the great festive day of the year in America, was approaching, and the needy poor of her neighbourhood were coming to her for bountiful help. To one she said, "I can only give you a turkey," to another, "I can spare you a chicken," and so on ; then by the help of an invalid's writing table drawn across the bed, she wrote out their names and addresses ; gave them cards with details of gifts, and said their cases would be enquired into. During the next few days there would be hundreds of such applicants, and our good friend's strength and discrimination would be sorely tested ; but she has an able and competent band to assist her. Her gifts are made to all without distinction of creed. During the famine in New York some years ago, a magnificent relief fund was raised, and so great was the confidence placed in Mrs. Cooke



that she was appointed the Distributor of the relief for her district. Mrs. Cooke is a marvellous woman, and although such an invalid, is full of energy and vitality. May she long be spared to fulfil her beneficent and spiritual duties on earth, and be filled with the hope of hearing, when her earthly course is done, the Master's commendation "Well done," and "Inasmuch." Should any of our readers desire a further acquaintance with Mrs. Bella Cooke and her work, we would recommend to their perusal "*Rifted Clouds, or the Life Story of Bella Cooke.*" Palmer & Hughes, New York, 62 & 64, Bible House. Hodder & Stoughton, London.

### *SPIRITUALISM.*

It would be impossible to quit the consideration of the religious aspects of America without some passing reference to the large and important body of persons who range themselves under the title of *Spiritualists*. We believe that they are more numerous in the northern parts of the State of New York and Boston than in any other part of America. Our acquaintance with them or their tenets is but very slight; but we are indebted to a trustworthy friend for the following statement: "Not long ago a professional man, who was deeply attached to his wife, had the inexpressible sorrow to lose her through death. His grief knew no bounds; he was inconsolable, he could not live without her. In the midst of this despair it was suggested to him that there were still left means of communicating with her through spirit media, if he would have faith to accept their aid. To this he readily agreed, although a man of more than ordinary intelligence and accustomed to deal with frauds and deceits in the world around him. His love for his lost one was so strong that it overcame all obstacles. He

longed to see her once more, and the spirit came to his aid. He saw her and conversed with her; and, what is more, the spirit of his wife with her own hand painted her own likeness in oil, on canvas, and left it with her husband as a token of her continued and abiding love, and it remains to this day." Our friend had himself seen it, and he invited us to go to the place where it was preserved and see it for ourselves; we were not unwilling, but events arose which prevented our doing so. It is not the place here to criticise this account, it may or it may not be true. The Witch of Endor raised a spirit, and as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; but it is very clear we must be very careful what we have to do with the spirits, and we are cautioned to try them. There is a remarkable passage in Isaiah viii. 19, 20, bearing on this subject, and in quoting it we will leave the question; it is as follows: "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have *familiar spirits*, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

### AMERICAN PENTECOSTAL LEAGUE.

Whilst in Chicago we were pleased to make the acquaintance of one of the leaders of this admirable work, which is carried on in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Sheffield Avenue, Chicago. The League is itself but a branch of the parent Pentecostal League established in England by Mr. Reader Harris Q. C., of Clapham Common, London, and, like it, has for its chief object "The spread of

*Scriptural* Holiness throughout the world." We have some little knowledge of this good work in England and of how its blessing is spreading throughout the land. The League is an inter-denominational Prayer Union, and numbers amongst its members some thousands, and now we see that it has got good hold on American soil, and in a city where its influence is greatly needed. The American organization, like the English one, has its monthly paper, "Tongues of Fire." We wish the League "God speed."

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### SARATOGA SPRINGS.

We were very pleased with Saratoga, its spacious main street lined with splendid elms, and its magnificent hotels, two of them being probably the largest in the world, one of them making up 2000 beds. The gardens behind these hotels are beautifully laid out; the grass is kept in the most perfect order, and the flowers are sub-tropical. The Americans certainly rival the English, if they do not surpass them in the trimness of their lawns, and in the beauty and rarity of their flowers; but we saw nothing anywhere to equal those exquisite and beautiful parterres that adorn the eastern side of our own Hyde Park in the early summer. We saw over the two largest and most fashionable hotels. Everything in that respect is so free and easy in America. We just expressed a wish to the hall porter to see over the place and received for answer, "Just go right away," which means straightforward; so we entered and went where we would. We always met with the same civility and courtesy wherever we went. We thought the people of Saratoga very polite. We were taking a stroll intending to go to Woodlawn Park and found it further than we thought, so we asked

two ladies who had just alighted from a stylish carriage, to kindly direct us as to the road. This they did with great urbanity, and not only so but they accompanied us some little distance on our way, so as to make quite sure that we took the right turn. We noted this as another little amenity. We found that the park was too far off, so we retraced our steps, and feeling very overdone with the heat, we sat down for a few moments on an inviting seat in a private garden, close to the footpath. In America nearly all the gardens to the villas in town are left open, without rail or fence, or hedge, thus the exclusive *meum* seems to be nicely toned down by this sociable concession. About a minute after the lady of the house, to which no doubt the seat appertained, appeared at her door. Before we could rise to apologise for our little intrusion, as we felt sure she had come to rebuke us by intimating that the seat was private property, she said, "Well, won't you come in and take a seat," and repeated the offer twice or more. "Here again," we thought "is another little amenity." These are the straws to which we have before referred, and which indicate character as much as weightier matters.

We visited some of the celebrated Saratoga Springs, and tasted a glass of the "Hathorn Spring" which we thought very agreeable. We had a drive in the afternoon to Saratoga Lake, about four miles off, down Union Avenue, and saw many "elegant" carriages of every shape and variety; this is their afternoon drive. The "trotting horse" seems to be a great feature in America, and they certainly go apace, but with a great waggle which is not "elegant." We drove on our return through the beautiful grounds of "Yadda," the residence of Mr. Trask. There is a very fine racecourse at Saratoga. This

year, owing to some change in the law against betting, the people were all complaining of a bad season.

At times one meets with singular people in hotels. We met with two ladies who were "well to do," for they evidently possessed more money than education. One of them was speaking of a woman, who for some cause or another was tabooed by society, but she said, "Wherever she went everybody tattooed her."

LAKE GEORGE. — After spending two delightful days at Saratoga we took the train for Lake George. This is certainly the prettiest lake that we saw in the States. It reminded us more of a Scotch loch than one of our English lakes; the hills surrounding it are bold and covered to their summits with wood. Numerous islands (220 in all) are scattered about it, and are very picturesque and pretty, especially those at the "Narrows." One would have liked to have spent a week in this delightful spot. The lake is called Lake George in honour of GEORGE II. We spent the night in a charming little hotel at Rogers Rock.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN is a much larger sheet of water than Lake George, being 120 miles long. We had a magnificent day for our excursion on it. Our steamer, the *Vermont*, was one of the finest lake steamers we were ever on; a "walking beam" engine of course. The grand saloon runs from stem to stern, as there is only one class. The lake was like glass; the distant views were very fine, we had the Green Mountains on the one side and the Adirondacks on the other.

AUSABLE CHASM.—We arrived here about 8 p.m.; the heat being again intense, after the short spell of cold at Saratoga. The next day we visited the "*Chasm*," a rent in the

rock nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile long, and about 200 feet deep, and just wide enough for a roaring roistering river to tear its way through. As a minor sight it is well worthy of a visit. We quite enjoyed shooting the rapids which are at the end of the Chasm. At first on entering them the water was very troubled, and the boat eddied about from side to side, lurching at times so that the water splashed over the passengers. Some were alarmed, and would feign have got out, but that was impossible, once entered upon, like many other trying adventures, it must be gone through. The ladies were fairly brave! but one man afraid of what was before looked back. We bade him be bold, and that it was better to look forward, but best of all to "look up" when going through troubled waters whether real or metaphorical. We spent the Sunday here, and attended service in the Presbyterian Church at Keesville. This was pewed in the English fashion, and spittoons were provided in each pew. The whole of the Church was carpeted, as were all the other Churches we were in. We had a warm walk back to our hotel. We saw a "robin," which was much larger than ours, being the size of a thrush, but it had three resemblances to ours; it had a reddish breast, it was very sociable, coming quite near, and was alone. Sparrows are abundant in America; they are good colonists, in fact too good, and have over-run the land like John Chinaman. It is only a few years since they were introduced and now they are everywhere, and a price is set on their heads. Swallows were very rarely seen, if ever, but something like a swallow was seen occasionally. Is it too far for them to fly from Africa? There is a nice little wild creature very like a small squirrel called a "*Chippee*." Sometimes these are so tame that they will come in the house and take

food from your hand. Even when wild they will come out of their hiding places in the broken timber by the road side and look inquiringly with their sharp black eyes at the passer by, and they seem to answer to their name when one calls "Chip-pee." In the fields there is a little animal called a "ground hog," or woodchuck, which does a good deal of damage to crops, and is hunted down. In winter it is dormant. Here we first came across the "Golden Rod," which is the national emblem of America. As its name implies it has a yellow flower.

### MONTREAL.

We reached Montreal (population 270,000) on the Monday evening, crossing the river St. Lawrence by that marvel of engineering skill the *Victoria Tubular Bridge*, which is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile long. Montreal is a fine bustling city, giving one the idea of possessing great wealth and of having numerous busy industries and commercial enterprises. The quays are filled with Atlantic liners. Its chief streets if not wide were attractive and possessed many fine shops. It is the custom here in many instances to abbreviate the designation of street by omitting the word "street,"—thus, "Craig," "Sparks," "Notre Dame," &c. It has just occurred to us that the reason for this omission may be that as half the population speak French it would have to be Street or "Rue," so they say nothing. The principal streets were all disfigured by the clumsy and heavy telegraph posts that occupy each side, and which bear innumerable wires. Everything is much more English here than in the States, and there is a marked difference in the features of the people. The more bracing air of the north evidently having

an invigorating effect upon the Canadians. Nevertheless we found Montreal very hot, and we passed through another thunder storm and a terrible downpour of rain. There are some fine public buildings, but none very notable. The R. C. Church of Notre Dame is large but very rigid and stiff in its appearance. It can seat 10,000, and on a crush 15,000 worshippers; it has very large *galleries*, an exceptional feature in a R. C. Church in these days. The St. James' Methodist Church is a very striking and handsome building. There are some very pretty villa residences in the streets of the suburbs.

MONT REAL.—The chief point of interest is the hill, so called, (and from which the city evidently takes its name) it is 900 feet above "tide level," as the Americans say. The view from the summit, which is gained by an elevator, is very fine. The city and the river lying close to its base, and the scene extending far into Canada and reaching to the Adirondacks in the States.

LA CHINE RAPIDS.—These rapids of the St. Lawrence, a little above Montreal, are famous, and are probably the largest navigable rapids in the world. We passed through the excitement of "shooting them" on a large steamer, which rolled about as though it were in mid-ocean. The passage is not (at times) unattended with danger, as a short time after our visit another steamer in the attempt struck upon a rock, sprung a leak, and was only just able to reach the shore and land her passengers before she sank. We passed under and had a very fine view of the Victoria Bridge. The name "La Chine" is supposed to have been given to the rapids by the early French settlers, who were navigating the St. Lawrence in the hope of finding a North West route to China, when for a time they



were stopped in their endeavours by the torrent of waters, here about one mile wide, but they encouraged and rallied themselves by calling out "La Chine, La Chine,"—hence the name, now pronounced Lasheen, though spelt "Lachine."

CAUTIONS.—We were assured here that the one cent Canadian post card with an additional one cent stamp on it would be good for England; it is an error, as every recipient had to pay 3d. more, the card being above regulation size. This equally applies to American post cards.

There is *very great difficulty* in America in getting your *Cheque* on London cashed. It is well to make a note of this.

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.—Going down to Lachine, three apparently respectable young men at the station had marked us for their prey. Where we went, they went. We plainly saw their object. On entering a carriage they collected in the doorway; we avoided them and got into another, they followed and seated themselves by us. We then went into another carriage, and then suspecting that their purpose was apparent they gave up the chase. A quite similar event happened to us at Boston. We at once let them see that we discerned their object, and the three quietly went away. Many years residence in London had made us familiar with the type, and the accompanying black bag and rug. Curiously enough not one traveller in twenty in America carries a rug, only *chevaliers d'industrie*.

### OTTAWA.

An uninteresting railroad journey of 4 hours brought us to Ottawa. We noticed on the way thousands of pine trees stripped of their bark. This is a great district for manufacturing potash from these trees when burnt. Another feature, and

not a pleasing one, was that the roots of the original trees were left in the ground with about four or five feet of stump standing up, the early settlers not having had time or appliances for uprooting the trees, simply sawed the tree through at that distance from the ground and left the stump standing. The face of the country is disfigured by them and has an air of desolation and untidiness. One sees at a glance why a certain class of oratory is called "stump oratory." The stump forms a ready platform to be mounted at a moment's notice. That great and noble man, Abraham Lincoln, often availed himself of their aid, thereby giving dignity to so rude and ready a platform.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.—Ottawa (population 45,000) is the official capital of the Dominion. It is a pleasant clean little city, as yet only half developed; no doubt it has a great future before it. Truly it rejoices in the possession of the most beautiful and unique Government buildings we ever saw. The design is effective, the colouring and ornamentation are charming and graceful, and the situation is perfect. The interior corresponds with the exterior and is replete with every necessary and comfort for parliamentary life. But the gem of the whole is the beautiful Library of Parliament. Rarely has literary and legal lore been enshrined in so chaste and pure a casket of Gothic work as this. The impression made upon us by the grace and beauty of these National temples has not been effaced or diminished by the grander and more colossal edifices of its greater and mightier neighbour south of the St. Lawrence.

We saw in the gardens here the section of a tree which measured 8 feet in diameter; it was 558 years old when cut down, and was 183 years old when Columbus landed in America.

A **TIMBER YARD**.—Canada is the land of trees and timber, or as they call it, "lumber," it is abundant everywhere. Wood is used for everything, houses, footpaths, bridges, &c. We went to see the Chaudière Falls, 200 feet wide by 50 deep, said once to be very imposing. What we saw might be called the ruins of a waterfall, if such a thing can be; it was a shrivelled up, dilapidated fragment, with its brown rocks, once cool and sparkling, now scorching in the sun with hardly as much water flowing over them in parts as would make a bath for a minnow to revel in. Alas! how are the mighty fallen. There is enough water left yet, but the neighbouring greedy saw mills are perpetually drinking it all up. Fifty years hence what will become of Niagara? The New Zealander will have to come over and see it in its ruins, illuminated by coloured electric lights generated by its own exhausted powers.

The gates of the saw mill yard were wide open, inviting us to enter and see to what good purposes that useless water outside running to waste night and day had now been put. There was no notice up in the usual exclusive terms, "No admittance." If there had been it would have made no difference, we should have entered, for it does not mean what it says, it is only a formal manner of avoiding liability in case your leg was cut off by the machinery. In America if they really mean you to keep out—for instance from behind the counter of a post-office, or other public department, they write up, "*Positively no admittance*," and then they mean what they say. We were greatly struck by the force of the notice outside a private room in our hotel at New York on the day of our arrival, it was obvious that your company was not desired there, as the notice in writing was peremptory, it was simply

"KEEP OUT." Fresh as we were to the country, we thought it lacked of politeness "quite a little."

We entered the yard and were told to "go right away," which again did not mean what was said, but go straight forward. Cart loads of ice were being brought into the yard for the labourers' iced water. The weather was hot, and the work was hot, so there was always somebody at the iced water tub. We saw the whole process, being cordially invited to see everything. First the log or tree trunk, perhaps two feet thick, was hooked by men out of the timber pond and placed on an endless inclined plane that was always working up, and the log was thus raised and placed on and secured to a cradle, that moved backwards and forwards on wheels over rails about 30 feet each way; each time it moved the log came in contact with an endless band saw, making 300 revolutions a minute, and a slice two, three or four inches thick, as was required, came off in the shape of a plank or joist. The friction of the saw is so great that water is constantly kept running over it to keep the wood from igniting. In about three minutes the log is converted into planks and another log takes its place. The planks, as they are cut, fall on a perpetually moving platform, and are carried to other parts of the building where they are stacked in piles. The waste pieces are carried away by the same process, so that within ten minutes a large tree that is lying dormant in the water finds itself cut up into nice planks and piled away in the yard ready for transportation, and that is always going on or the yard would be crowded out in a day. They worked night and day at this mill, having a "day set" and a "night set." The night set worked by electric light.

BROCKVILLE.—The next afternoon found us at Brockville, a pleasant little town on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

THOUSAND ISLANDS.—The next morning we took the steamer up the river to Kingston, passing through the 1000 Islands, not that we saw 1000 Islands, but what we did see were very charming. What with Swiss and Gothic villas, flags flying, pretty boats with coloured awnings and bright and merry girls rowing them, or better still, being rowed, (a privilege yet remaining) it was a very gay and captivating scene. We landed about 2 p.m. at Kingston, but the sun was so tropical that we did not venture out. We went on to Toronto by the afternoon train arriving there in the dark.

### TORONTO.

The next morning (Sunday) we attended service in the imposing Metropolitan Methodist Church, erected mainly through the efforts of the late Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon. Another thunder storm kept us in nearly all the afternoon. Toronto is a very beautiful city, situate on the shores of Lake Ontario. The streets are spacious and not quite so disfigured by the telegraph posts as are those of Montreal. The mercantile and public buildings are very commanding and beautiful edifices, and the residential part of the city is laid out with great taste and has many picturesque and charming villas.

TRADE NOTICES.—In one of the principle streets of the city we were amused to see the following announcement in large letters over a cabinet makers shop, "*You get married and we'll feather the nest.*" Often in the States we came across some unique and comical tradesmen's notices; we give two or three: A dyer had "*I dye to live*". Over a "barber shop" was "*Tonsorial Saloon.*" A "neckwear" shop had the following: "*A prime lot of ladies' ties, the sale goes on; another big cut in dry goods.*" If

ties are "dry goods," wine, &c., was described most appropriately as "moist goods." In a shop window in Buffalo, full of ties there were about a dozen large hollowed out shovels with these words, "*scoop e'm out.*" Anything to attract attention, even if it has not much significance. Another had up, "*The place U R looking 4.*"

ARCHITECTURE.—Altogether Toronto is a very fine city, (population about 200,000) and well deserves her title of the "Queen City." The Provincial Parliament House is a noble and dignified building, its style is said to be "neo-Grecian," we should prefer to call it "neo-American," for this specimen, with many others seen in the States, appears to develop a new feature in architecture, essentially different to anything we have either in England or Europe, ancient or modern. We have been bold enough to suggest that it might be called the embodiment of the log-hut principle, because these buildings have massive and rustic pillars running up to the roof at the corners, which are very suggestive of immense logs. Another peculiarity is a very low, and expansive, deep set arch for the principal entrance; this is a very striking feature, bringing out in bold relief the front of the building in its contrast with the shadow of the arch. The principle decorations of these buildings are of a Runic character.

We had the pleasure of meeting good friends at Toronto (after many years separation) and we shall long cherish the enjoyment their society gave us. The visit was enhanced by their coming 70 miles to see us, as we were too unwell to go to them. We were very much interested in looking over the Methodist Victoria College with our good friend Professor R.

*NIAGARA.*

LAKE ONTARIO. — Wednesday noon found us midway across Lake Ontario, with its surface as placid as a mirror, and acting as a mirror in reflecting the rays of an August semi-tropical sun soaring in a cloudless sky. For a short time no land was to be seen on either side. This lake is nearly forty miles broad and contains an area of over 7000 square miles ; it might not inappropriately be called an inland sea.

We were not long before we found ourselves steaming against a strong current of beautifully clear green water, up the Niagara River. At Lewiston we took seats in the electric car and rapidly mounted to the top of the cliffs on the right side of the river, passing the WHIRLPOOL, here the river makes an abrupt bend ; then we passed the WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS, where poor Captain Webb lost his life in 1883, in endeavouring to swim them. These rapids are a very imposing sight, for all the water that has come over both Falls here rushes through a narrow gorge, the waves rising in tempestuous fury, sometimes to a height of twenty feet and more. When there is an abundance of water we can well believe that the rapids almost vie with the Fall in interest, if not in sublimity. And now the Falls appear in sight !

*NIAGARA FALLS.*

Waterfalls are very much dependent upon water for their effect. That is an axiom which no one will dispute. We saw Niagara twice ; once early in August, when the water in the river was comparatively low, and again in October after the autumnal rainfalls, when the volume of the water was greatly augmented. The change was marvellous, and so was the

scene. There was a sparkle and crispness in the air that made everything bright. The hot vapoury mists of August had all been blown away; our bodies were no longer languid, but invigorated, which added greatly to our enjoyment. The surrounding foliage was all ablaze, as if

"Autumn's hand had hurled the brand  
Of rich decay, through flaming woods."

Niagara is at all times beautiful and grand, yet from the transformation we saw, one can imagine that in times of great floods it must be terribly sublime. It was not sublime when we saw it, for some cause or another the water in the river has of late years greatly diminished. Nevertheless Niagara will always remain the king of cataracts! It has been painted, and described, and photographed so often and so well, that our readers are probably as familiar with its beauties, its thunders, and its roaring avalanche of waters as we are. It is so vast and so divided that one fails to take it all in at once—it is too great to be comprehended at a glance. It must be seen above, and below; first on the American side, and then on the Canadian. There are the rapids above and the far more imposing "Rapids" below. One goes into the Cave of Winds, partly beneath the American Fall, where the very rocks shake with the mighty rush of waters, and the ears are stunned with their deafening roar—drenching spray comes down, and the visitor would be saturated were it not for the waterproofs in which he has been previously encased. Then we cross to the Canadian side and look down from the Table Rock on the deluge of waters that is rushing over the crest of the Horse Shoe Fall into the yawning abyss below. It is a very chaos of angry waters, leaping and fretting madly, billow over billow,



in tempestuous haste to crash itself against the rocks below. See the glassy emerald wave as it placidly glides over the shelf of the rock, smooth and compact for a moment, and then smashed and dashed into a million sparkling sprays of silvery foam, filling the air with a veil of mist that partially hides the Fall and sprinkles the surrounding ground with a perpetual shower. We look below ; the waters will not be beaten down. Crushed and broken as they are, they recoil, and hurl themselves back to half the height of the Falls, in clouds of fleecy whiteness, and then tumble down in angry confusion, rushing away from side to side, leaping over obstructing rocks, and surging up from the troubled depths below. It is a wild, a madding sight. It is here that one sees the beauty of the Fall and realizes its majesty.

For a few hundred yards, away rush the waters in eddying pools of greenest hue, flecked here and there with white foam, and then there is a sudden stillness, and silence, and the troubled waters become as placid as a lake, as they flow wearily along, like a wounded creature dragging its bruised body away from some deadly encounter, to seek a place of shelter and of rest.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—Probably the best general view that can be obtained of the two Falls at the same time, is from the noble Suspension Bridge that spans the river just opposite to the Clifton House Hotel. The two Falls are a great contrast the one to the other ; the American, which is a little higher, and very regular, almost resembles an immense wear, while the Canadian, or Horse Shoe Fall, is irregular in outline, and is rapidly altering its shape ; the breaking away of the rocks over which it passes is considerable, as much as six and a half acres

in the central part of it having been washed away during the last fifty years.

THE MAID OF THE MIST.—Of course we took the customary trip in the "*Maid of the Mist*," (a little steamer) and approached as near to the foot of the Horse Shoe Fall as is considered prudent, the trip is however *perfectly safe*. We cannot say that this is the best point to see the Falls, for one is so blinded with the spray, and so deafened with the roar, that one can hardly take in the confused mass of foaming water and rugged rocks around us, but it certainly is the only place where the true grandeur and magnificence of the Falls can be fully realized. A few yards further on and our little craft would be dashed to pieces among the rocks, or swamped by the torrents of water breaking over her; our waterproofs kept us perfectly dry and comfortable. We all experienced a sense of relief when the little boat allowed herself to be slowly carried away down stream by the swirling waters around her.

A CONTRAST.—It was while we were passing over the Suspension Bridge that our eye caught sight of a tiny spider's web, which clung in strange contrast to the massive steel wrought wires on which the gigantic bridge is hung. These wires are buried to the depth of forty feet, in the solid rock that girds the gulf on either side, so that the very foundations of earth would have to be rent before the bridge could fall into the abyss below. For a moment or two our thoughts dwelt on the solidity and strength of this work compared with that of the thin and flimsy spider's web which nevertheless had some appearance of strength as it floated to and fro in the air, without being torn asunder. Such we remember the Bible told us is the "hypocrite's hope," it is like a spider's web, showy, but

false. How different to the massive steel supports of the bridge bound fast to the rock, and which neither tempest nor storm, nor heat of summer, nor frost of winter could touch, because they are substantial and real. Does that not fairly represent the Christians' hope, especially in the similarity, that it rests upon "*the Rock*" for its strength?

**A FATAL ACCIDENT.**—A fortnight before our first visit to Niagara a terrible tragedy had been enacted there, which threw a gloom over the scene. Two lads had been engaged in fishing in the river above the upper rapids. A terrific thunder storm broke over them and their boat was driven from its anchorage. Swiftly the river bore them on, and the howling hurricane drove them down the raging waters. They pulled for very life; it was life or death to them!—an oar broke, and there, helpless and exhausted they shouted for help, but they were far beyond human aid. Death alone stared these two young lads in the face, and death had a tight grip of them. The shuddering spectators watching them from the shore saw the brave boat riding gallantly for a moment over the foaming waves of the rapids, and in another instant it was gone! lost to sight for ever, and the mists of the falls rolled like a winding sheet over the watery grave of those two young lives. A week after, their bodies were found floating and eddying round and round in the whirlpool below.

**A BURNING SPRING.**—We must not omit to mention our visit to one of these singular freaks of nature at Niagara. We saw the gas collected in a long inverted funnel as it rose out of the water in a well, and when a light was applied to the narrow part at the top, it burnt with a pale blue flame. Then the gas at the top of the water was lighted, and afterwards we

were invited to taste a glass of the water, which was not at all unpleasant ; but judge of our astonishment when the man applied a light to the water still left in our glass, when it flared up all in a flame. We will not venture to describe what thoughts passed through one's mind as to our own inflammability after such an exhibition, we were however particularly careful to avoid all matches and lights during the next 24 hours.

ELECTRICITY.—Think of anyone gazing at Niagara and only calculating the quantity of power there is there, that might be utilized in generating electricity. We banished the thought instantly as profane. A recent writer however has filled a whole chapter with his reflections on that point. Poor Niagara ! to what base purposes may we not come.

### BUFFALO.

Buffalo is only a short ride from Niagara. It is a large, populous, (255,000) and important city and industrial centre. It has spacious streets, fine public buildings, and delightful suburban residential quarters. It has also two very fine hotels. The "Iroquois" may boast of having the swiftest elevator we ever entered, and its ill effects we were many days in recovering from. So far as we know it has only one rival, and that was the "cage" of a lead mine at Butte City. We were invited to go down by that ; it is as well that we declined, or this interesting little work would never have seen daylight. The depth of the shaft of that mine was 1200 feet, and the cage descended in 45 seconds, or at the rate of 26 feet per second, enough to produce a fatal vertigo. It was at Buffalo we also saw the "EMPIRE TRAIN," labelled "*The fastest train in the world.*" While we were in the States however we saw that its best



13 28  
32 25  
22  
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9

10

record had been considerably beaten in England by the North Western and Great Northern lines, but only experimentally, and not as a permanency, so that we think the "EMPIRE" still retains its supremacy. A few days after, we made (for us) quite a record journey, leaving Dunkirk at 8-45 p.m. and arriving at Chicago, nearly 500 miles, at 9-15 a.m., pretty nearly an average speed of 40 miles an hour, including stoppages. This train carried no "baggage." We never before or after got over a journey so comfortably and quickly.

DUNKIRK.—For a few days we came to a pleasant anchorage in this quiet and orderly little town by the shore of Lake Erie, in the home of one of our friends that we met with at Cannes. It was gratifying to us to see the esteem in which our friend (a former Mayor) was held by his neighbours. It was impossible not to remark it when one walked with him in the wide and neatly brick-paved streets of the town. But a more striking instance occurred one afternoon when we were out for a walk. A sharp shower came on, compelling us to take shelter under the verandah of a cottage. The good woman of the house brought out chairs for us; my friend thanked her, to which she replied, "Ah! Mr. B., if it was *made of gold* it would not be good enough for you!" If his eye ever sees this, he must pardon us for referring to it, but it did us good to hear it.

ANOTHER STORM.—Speaking of the shower reminds us that it culminated, after our arrival at our friends, in another terrible thunderstorm, worse than any of its predecessors. An Egyptian darkness spread over the town, the rain came down in torrents, the lightning was most vivid and apparently close to, the thunder was terrific. Suddenly we heard the fire alarm, or

buzzer go. Four times, "there is a fire," said our friend; again the buzzer sounded twice. "It is our district," he remarked. "No doubt a house has been struck by the lightning." We all felt the nearness of the danger. Shortly afterwards we heard that a small house had been struck by the lightning and burnt down.

### IS THE SUN A GLOBE OF FIRE?

*A propos* of these thunderstorms we think it will interest our readers to lay before them as briefly as possible a theory concerning the heat and light derived from the sun, which we heard while staying at Dunkirk, from Dr. Henry Raymond Rogers (a former lecturer at Chautauqua.) The excessively hot weather through which we had just passed, followed by those terrible thunder, or rather *electric storms*, may have prepared us to receive favourably his theory, which is somewhat as follows:—

The highest conception of modern science is, that the sun "is a vast mass of incandescent vapors or gases,"\*—in truth a "fire ball." Against this, it is a fact that heat diminishes as we approach the sun. The sun is not a "fireball," and *is not in itself a source of heat*. The nearer we get to the sun and the colder it becomes. "Snow peaks demonstrate this." It is also a fact that light diminishes as we approach the sun. At a height of three miles the sun appears no brighter than the moon. Sunlight and sun heat are actually confined to the earth's very surface.

\*"New Theories of the Great Physical Forces," by Hy. Raymond Rogers, M.D., Dunkirk, N.Y.



Aristotle 2300 years ago, "held the conception that but a *single force exists in nature*, that every form and manifestation of force is simply a transmutation of the Great Universal Force; he tells us, all changes in the physical world may be reduced to *motion*. All terrestrial phenomena, every conceivable form of force must be referable to the impulse of the *motions of the heavenly spheres*."

The question is, how can this motion be transmitted into force?

Two thousand five hundred years ago a "vital essence" was revealed unto mankind, which seized objects and drew them to itself *without visible agency*. This they called "The Amber Life." Thales of Miletus records its birth on the page of science. This "Amber Soul" became the "ONE FORCE" of Aristotle, and the UNIVERSAL FORCE of to-day, which we call ELECTRICITY!

Electricity is not a self existent entity, it is produced. "The earth is a vast *magnet*, and the atmosphere is more magnetic than any known substance except iron, nickel and cobalt. This terrestrial magnetic ball is thus *filled to repletion* with this stupendous force. The whole universe is made up of inconceivable magnetic force."

"It is reasonable to suppose . . . that this stupendous force is for actual use." *Electric currents travel the 93,000,000 of miles between the earth and sun with perfect facility*. A magnet exposed to the direct rays of the sun *gains* strength when the north pole is exposed, and *loses* it when the south pole is exposed. To produce these effects it is clear that the *sun's rays must be electrical*. There are incessant electrical *interactions* between the sun and earth, and all celestial spheres.

Whence the source of the electrical supply? "It is a fundamental principle in electrical science that the rotation of bodies opposite to magnets induce circulating electric currents. Extending this law . . . the inference becomes legitimate that the heavenly spheres, whirling with inconceivable velocity in space, evolve between them electrical currents in great cosmical circuits . . . and thus become actually vast dynamo-electric machines . . . thus is verified that grand conception of Aristotle, viz., that the UNIVERSAL FORCE has its *sources* in the motions of the celestial spheres."

RESISTANCE brings into manifestation the *unseen powers* of the electric current, the *resistance* of the carbon-point causes light and heat. "The electric currents coming incessantly from the sun, through the darkness and cold of space, find their first *resistance* in our *atmosphere*, which becomes awakened into heat, light, and power. . . . Without being itself hot, it (the sun's electric current) develops heat in our atmosphere, and without being itself luminous it develops light therein. *In this process*, is therefore demonstrably shewn, both THE SOURCE AND MODE OF DEVELOPMENT OF SUNHEAT AND SUNLIGHT. . . . Thus sunheat and sunlight are the RESULTS of an electric system" on a stupendous scale, and the sun which does heat and light the earth may still be a dark, cool and habitable body." Dr. Rogers says it is inconceivable to think that "the sun a *million and a quarter times larger* than the earth, should be set as a *furnace*, or a fireball specially to heat this little earth."

CHAUTAUQUA.—Our friends at Dunkirk were very kind to us in making several pleasant excursions. One of them

was to Chautauqua, a little place on a charming lake of that name, a few miles from Dunkirk, and about 500 feet above Lake Erie. It is here that the "*Chautauqua Assembly*," "a huge system of home-reading circles and correspondence classes," holds its annual meeting in July and August. This society has spread all over the United States since its foundation by Bishop Vincent (M.E.C.) in 1878. It has about 200,000 members. Our English Home Reading Union is founded on the same model. There is at Chautauqua a very large sunken amphitheatre capable of holding 3000 people or more, where lectures, recitations and concerts are given. There are some very pretty villas, and each District or Denomination has its own quarters. We should much have enjoyed spending a few days here. We were introduced to several nice people, and one lady hearing that we were English immediately placed her carriage at our disposal (another amenity).

Those were happy days we spent with our friends in their charming villa with its *well kept lawn* and fine shady trees, some of them ruddy with luscious apples. We wish to place it on record that the lawns of Dunkirk were the best mown and the trimmest that we saw in America, and our friend was awarded by us the first prize for his well kept grass.

### CHICAGO.

Twelve hours in a sleeping car brought us to Chicago. Everybody who goes to America visits Chicago, and as everybody went to Chicago during the world's fair, there is really nothing left for us to say about Chicago, and for this we are deeply grateful, as we should have to fill page after page about it, for Chicago is truly a colossal city, sheltering more than a

million souls. We are glad that we saw so little of New York before coming to Chicago, for it made all the greater impression upon us. The streets were wide, and long, so long is one street that we recorded No. 5745, and we know not how far beyond that it went. Some of the commercial buildings rival those of New York, being 22 to 23 stories high, and the shops chiefly built of stone in State, Wabash, and Madison Streets, were spacious and handsome, and filled with richest displays of costly goods. Here the streets are not disfigured by telegraph posts. It was a bustling, thriving city. It may seem strange to the reader for us to note that what struck us most in Chicago was the number—the excessive number—of chemists' shops. There was one at every street corner. In commenting upon this we were told that there were no less than 6000 chemists' shops in Chicago. That is about 1 shop to every 200 people. How do they make a living? Are the people unhealthy? Chicago lies low, and is in great measure a factitious city, having been made partly by encroachments on the lake (Lake Michigan) from which it gets its water supply, which is not considered to be too good, although we believe the conduit goes out into the lake *for some miles*, so that the water may be obtained as pure as possible. It was very sultry and enervating while we were in Chicago. It might be well if our English chemists would take example from their brethren in America. Every chemists' shop has a bar (non-intoxicant of course) for the supply of iced drinks of every name, colour, taste, and description. It is probably the "bar" that keeps the concerns going, especially during the hot weather.

Chicago lacks fine public buildings, (the City Hall is however a massive and imposing structure) but it excels in beautiful

parks and charming drives—notably Lake Drive and Michigan Avenue ; and Lincoln Park is one of the most beautifully laid out parks that we saw in the States. We visited the site of the “World’s Fair,” and were much struck with the beauty, proportion and grandeur of the Art building, and should have little hesitation in saying that if it was built of stone (instead of being stuccoed) it would rank among the finest Greek structures in the world. Whilst there we witnessed a most unusual sky effect. Long after sunset the heavens, for one third of their area, were lit up by a beautiful pink glow, very like that produced by the *Aurora borealis*, and such as we had never seen before.

STOCK YARDS.—We visited Messrs. Libby, McNeill and Libby’s Beef Extract Manufactory, and saw the various processes, from the carcasses that are brought in from Swift’s next door, to the making of, and packing in, the tins, ready for exportation. The ingenuity manifested in some of the operations was highly interesting and clever. We saw the meat boiled and pounded and “canned.” One process has to be performed in extreme heat, and another in extreme cold in a refrigerator. Then we stepped over to the large “Abattoir” of Messrs. Swift, where they kill 1200 head of cattle each day ; but this is small compared to the number of hogs that Messrs. Fowler Brothers, Ltd., kill, viz., 12,000 each day. At Swift’s we saw them kill an ox (we prefer the English system to the one in vogue here) and in less than ten minutes from the fatal blow being given, the carcass all dressed and ready for market was hanging with 500 more in the refrigerator. The work is done very scientifically and expeditiously. But it is a scene of blood, and nearly as degrading as a bull fight, only one is a necessity and the other is not.

### ST. PAUL—MINNEAPOLIS.

Sixteen hours by rail, crossing the broad waters of the Mississippi at La Crosse, brought us to these twin cities of the prairies, and the outposts of civilization. We have called them twin cities, they were, as twins usually are, born at the same time, viz., so recently as 1838, and now contain, S. Paul above 133,000, and Minneapolis above 170,000 inhabitants. They are only ten miles apart, and are fundamentally joined by an electric track, so that they might not inappropriately be termed the Siamese twin cities, and before many years (it requires no prophet to tell it) they will be one city and will then constitute a formidable rival to their neighbour Chicago. They are both on the banks of the Mississippi. We stayed at charming Minneapolis, a bright and cheery place, evidently with plenty of go in it. It is the greatest flour producing place in the world, turning out about 7,000,000 barrels a year. We were most politely shown over Messrs. Pillsbury's flour mill. The water that ought to form the beautiful falls of St. Anthony, on the Mississippi, now supplies the flour mills of the town to the extent of about 100,000 horse power. Nothing but dry rocks (except probably at great floods) now mark the site of the falls. It makes one tremble for the future of Niagara! We stayed at the *West Hotel*, with its noble central quadrangle. We consider it to be the most beautiful, if not the largest hotel, we stopped at out of New York.

### OVER THE PRAIRIES.

We left Minneapolis at 9-30 a.m. for Banff Springs, Alberta, in the Rocky Mountains, and were 44 hours in the train; travelling 1242 miles. About 800 of this was through the

prairies and desert wilderness. Three hundred miles away from Minneapolis we bid adieu to civilization and corn fields, wheat stacks and cottages, and committed ourselves to the great prairie desert, the Plateau du Coteau du Missouri. For 400 miles there is nothing but stunted prairie grass, about 18 inches high, on either side, with a ridge (being three turns of a plough) running along each side of the rail at 50 yards distance, mile after mile, for hundreds of miles in that one straight line. What is it for? It is called a "fire-break," and is intended to prevent the fire spreading beyond its limits, if the grass adjoining the rail should catch fire, during the hot weather, from sparks or cinders dropped from the engine. We thought at times that we saw, during the night on the earlier part of the journey, many prairie fires, but we were told that they were only straw stacks on fire. They have such an abundance of straw from the crops that the only way to get rid of it is to burn it.

It is very much like being at sea, this crossing the prairie, and at sunset the effect is intensely like it, for a mirage takes place which seems to throw the most distant parts of the prairie, towards the east, into the air as if they were the islands of some vast sea. We met nothing, we passed nothing, save about every 20 miles we saw the plate-layer's cottage rising like a lighthouse on the watery waste to guide us on our course; but we did cross, as it were in mid ocean, the wakes of four great prairie railroad "tracks" going East and West, while ours was speeding due North.

At 5 p.m. we entered the State of North Dakota, *a prohibition State*, and while passing through it no intoxicating liquors are allowed to be sold in the train, not even at dinner time. The

entrance to this State is marked by the dried up bed of a river, all covered with grass. One could not tell that it had been a river, excepting for a bridge that crossed it. Sixteen years ago it was a navigable stream to Winnipeg, more than 300 miles away. They say the country here is gradually drying up, and this was evidenced by the number of lakes and pools that we saw nearly all dried up, and leaving a white alkaline deposit on the top. At one time we went for fully 70 miles as straight as an arrow could fly, and for 200 more we went on in this prairie ocean, into the dark night, and alone, for we were, with one other, the only occupants of the sleeping car. We passed through two more terrific thunder storms, one at 11 p.m. and the other, miles away, at 2-30 a.m. About 5 o'clock a.m. we entered Canada at Portal, light luggage was examined, heavy baggage was to be examined at Banff. About 10 a.m. we began to see signs of approaching habitable land, as floating seaweed indicates the nearness of a shore. These were birds and huts, and stacks and cattle, seen at long intervals, and by and by corn fields. About 11 a.m. we reached Moose Jaw and joined the main Canadian Pacific Railway. The place consists of about 50 or 60 small houses; it is about 900 feet higher than Minneapolis, and the air was fresh and bracing. We are here more than 1500 miles from Toronto, and were a little surprised to see a Salvation Army girl selling the "*War Cry*" at the station.

Whilst crossing the "Plateau" we had on the east side of us the Red River, which flows north, and on the west side we had the Missouri River, which flows south, and which takes its rise in, or near to, the Yellowstone Park.

A DAILY NEWSPAPER.—The Directorate of the Canadian



Pacific Railway are very considerate to their passengers who are pent up in a train for four or five days without a chance of seeing a newspaper. Every morning there is telegraphed from Montreal to two or three stations on the line where the outward trains will stop, the news of the day to the extent of 10 or 12 pages of post letter paper, so that the traveller is kept *au fait* with the current events of the day.

BUFFALOES.—Buffaloes, like the Red Indians, are almost extinct, except where they are specially preserved in "reservations," the sad havoc that the rifle has played with the former in these prairies is evidenced by the immense piles of buffalo horns and bones to be seen at some of the stations we pass; these are awaiting transit for the purpose of being ground up for fertilizing the land. We passed a little but important town, situated in a great round hole, which bore the singular name of "Medicine Hat."

### THE ROCKIES.

On we speed in the night, and about 4 o'clock in the morning we arrive at Calgary. It is time to leave our berth, for we are just about to enter the Rockies. We were now 4000 feet high. At Canmore an "observation car" was put on. It was terribly cold at that hour turning out into an open carriage. If it had been three hours later and the sun had been shining we might have said that we were amply repaid, for the entrance into these rugged rocks is truly grand. One could not fail to notice a lofty triple peaked range, (9705 ft.) which is called the "Sisters," and resembled (but on a larger scale) the mountains of that name in Glencoe. Then the sun aroused himself and began to burnish the tops of the surrounding hills.

We saw but very little snow. All the summits, sharp, round or jagged, looked arid, and as if dried up and withered by the scorching rays of the sun. At 6 a.m. we arrived at

BANFF SPRINGS.—The situation of the hotel is very fine, and considering the height, 4500 feet, it is a very commodious and comfortable hostelry. The weather was delightful, the air pure and bracing, but hot at times, 74° in the sun. We spent four very delightful days here, for there are many interesting places to be seen. During the last night but one there came on a snow storm, and when we looked out of the window in the morning, the scene was entirely changed. The arid mountains had all vanished and a truly glorious and Alpine scene presented itself. The Rockies went up 100 per cent. in our estimation. The change was marvellous. It is impossible for our pen to describe the interest excited in our minds by the beauty of the scene. We went on by rail to Glacier the next day; the enjoyment would have been perfect if we had not been compelled to turn out in the dark and bitter cold at half-past four o'clock in the morning, to catch the six o'clock train, the *one* train of the day. Oh! considerate Directors of the C.P.R., can it not be so arranged that at Banff, *the chief place of interest on the line*, and where most travellers break their journey, the train might *arrive* and also *leave* at a more convenient hour of the day than six o'clock in the morning. Why not let it be nine o'clock? Nevertheless, cold as it was—for there was a keen frost—the ride from Banff to the "Great Divide" in the open observation car was a great delight. The air was crisp and clear, but here and there a few low clouds clung midway up the mountain sides, sometimes hiding and sometimes revealing their graceful and picturesque forms.

Never have we seen more beautiful and fantastic shaped mountains. Here we have a huge rock rising many thousand feet, covered with forts and towers, like a Rhenish rock with its old Baronial castles. This is aptly called the "Castle Rock." Another stately and majestic rock rises like a Titanic cathedral with its silvery mantle of snow clinging to its towers and graceful pinnacles, and lurking in its deep grooved niches. We let our fancy run free and kept on building "castles in the air," but of a very substantial character. The climax was reached when Mount Lefroy reared its imposing snow clad summit into the blue air 11,000 feet and more above the sea. Then we came in the midst of a snow storm to the "Great Divide," where the summit 5295 feet high is reached, and where the waters run east and west to the Atlantic and Pacific. We rattle down the "Kicking Horse" Pass and soon leave the snow storm behind us, and 3000 feet lower, we enter the smiling valley watered by the Columbia River. We have now entered British Columbia. We keep the Columbia River with us for some time, crossing and recrossing it, and then leaving it and meeting with it hundreds of miles away further south. The Columbia River might well have borne the name of one of its tributaries "Snake River," by reason of its serpentine course. Our next resting place was

GLACIER.—As its name denotes is a glacier and not a town. There is only the hotel here, and a pleasant little place it is. Every one should stop here a day at least. The scenery is grandly Alpine. The mountains of the Selkirk range are of much the same height as those of the Rockies, but they appear higher, and, having their summits covered with perpetual snow and their sides cumbered with glaciers, they look more

imposing. "*Sir Donald*" (10,621 ft.) reigns supreme amid these icy peaks, but in our opinion the most beautiful of the group is "*Mount Macdonald*" (9940 ft.) We think it is the *beau ideal* of a mountain. For grace of form, for stupendous precipices, for sombre pine clad slopes, and deep ravines, luminous with glacial snows, it is unrivalled; yet withal it is majestic, for its crystal pinnacle of ice breaks through the girdle of clouds that encircles it, and seems to pierce the very skies, as

"—Alp meets heaven in snow,"

The weather was very cold at Glacier, 36° at 9 a.m., and we had frequent snow storms; nevertheless we went through the beautiful forest with its magnificent pine trees, often 8 or 9 feet in circumference, the result of the warm and constant showers from the Pacific. It was here we first saw in America our own vulgar *bracken*, and we do not remember afterwards seeing it elsewhere. The wet bracken and high weeds that border the narrow footpath render the way almost impassable. Again we appeal to the considerate C.P.R. Directors to remedy this. One man could mow them all down in two or three days. After passing through this forest and crossing the river on our way to the Glacier, we came to the scene of an enormous avalanche, where the huge trunks of the shattered trees are thrown about in the wildest confusion, like the dead on a battle field. A little beyond this we came in full view of the glacier, and a magnificent sight it was, but we have seen many quite as picturesque. Our guide told us that this was the largest glacier in the world, and as big as all the glaciers in Switzerland put together. He had been to the end of it, 35 miles distant, and it took the party five days to explore it. *Baedeker* is discreetly silent upon the point, and, as we had no desire to enter into a controversy on the subject, so were we.

We walked on the "track" to one of the great snow sheds and examined its solid framework. At each shed there is a good supply of water kept in case of fire. In the valley below we saw the lairs made by the bears in the long grass the night before. Then we walked down the "track" to see the famous "Loop." Great freedom is allowed in walking on the railway, in fact if it was not, there would be no place to walk on, as there is no other road to or from Glacier.

The train from the West was seven hours late owing to a land slip in the Fraser Canyon. The engine driver had his leg broken; this was not encouraging for us as we had to pass through the Canyon on the morrow.

After we passed the "Loop" the journey down west was not very interesting. The train stopped for a few minutes to allow us to get out to see the *Albert Canyon*, a short but pretty and romantic cleft in the rock, with a torrent rushing through some 200 feet below us. We passed probably more trees in the 24 hours of this journey than we passed in all the other journeys put together. The extreme moisture favours growth, the mountains were covered with trees to their tops. Here and there millions had been burnt by lightning, Indians or Trackers, leaving nothing but bare poles to disfigure the landscape. We passed the night in the train, and at 7 o'clock the next morning we reached and passed through

### *THE FRASER CANYON!*

Nature has been very lavish in bestowing many of her most beautiful works on the great American Continent. Not the least of these is the grand Canyon of the Fraser River. We saw it by early morning lights, which brought out its promi-

ences and threw into shadow its clefts. The Canyon is a wild, narrow gorge, from 30 to 40 miles long, the cliffs rising on either side from 500 to 1000 feet high. These rocks are bare and rugged in parts, but more generally are covered with the most beautiful foliage. A rapid river dashes down its centre at least 200 feet below the "track." Much gold is gathered in the sand beds of this river. The scenery is grand and impressive, and yet there is more of grace and poetry in its winding curves and softly wooded slopes than of grandeur. At Hellgate Rapids the river is pent up between two Cyclo-  
pian rocks, one on either side, and becomes a tumult of angry raging cataracts. It is very beautiful and romantic here, the rocks are wild and savage, and very high. The scenery is none the less picturesque, by reason of our passing from time to time groups of Chinese gathered about their cabins, upon the outer walls of which are conspicuous signs in native red characters. Anon we pass an Indian village; the squaws cease from their toil, and with their pappooses gaze at the passing train. The Indians are either spearing the red salmon in the river or drying it on the rocks. Two squaws on horse-back, astride, are passing by their native burying ground, with its quaint emblems and tawdry flags, and rein in their horses and look stolidly while we fly past. The little churches seen here and there betoken the presence of the Missionary amongst the Indians in these wild and remote districts. This reference reminds us of a little girl whose father was a missionary in Africa, she said, "We do not like his being in Africa, because the natives kill and eat each other, and they call them *cannonballs*."

## TACOMA.

That same Saturday evening we found ourselves comfortably quartered in the hotel "Tacoma," at Tacoma, in the State of Washington. We were warmly greeted and welcomed by friends who expected our arrival. We spent three days there, which would have been most enjoyable if it had not been for the sudden and serious illness of a member of our friend's family. Tacoma is charmingly situated on Puget Sound. It is a thriving and increasing city of 60,000 inhabitants, having an extensive trade in corn and timber. Twenty years ago its name was not to be found on a map; it bids fair now to become the Boston of the west, if it grows in the same ratio that it has done during the past ten years. It has good wide streets, rising in terraces one above the other, a fine city hall, and many good buildings. We saw its first little church, *built in one night*, of wood; the trunk of an adjoining growing tree clustered over with ivy does service as its tower, and is capped with a small belfry. We saw a curious sight in the principal street of the town which may astonish the reader as much as it did us; they were ploughing the street with a four-horse plough, not however for agricultural purposes, but simply to level it, so as to receive the concrete for the pavement.

We visited the Horticultural Museum, which contained splendid specimens of plums, apples, and other fruits grown in the State of Washington. We were particularly struck with the size of a grass called "Timothy," and with the strength, length (6 and 7 feet) and thickness ( $\frac{1}{4}$  of in.) of the stalks of corn, millet and oats, they were almost like miniature bamboo canes. We only paid  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pence for three large peaches as big as one's fist. There is a curious practice in these new West-

ern cities, they have no coin of less value than a nickel (2½ pence). Cents are unknown there, and so, almost, are "greenbacks," nearly all payments being made in silver. Gold is not a usual medium of payment anywhere ; during our tour we had only on two occasions payments made to us in gold, and then only for 5 dollars. We were told that, in some of the new cities, nothing less than "quarters" (that is shillings) are current, and it is related that a lady visiting one of them left in disgust because they took less than a dollar in payment for something that she had purchased. The International Yacht Race was run while we were at Tacoma, and bulletins describing the race as it went on were affixed to the telegraph posts opposite the newspaper office within eight minutes of the events occurring, although they were 3000 miles away. The heat was still great while we were at Tacoma. We suggested how pleasant it would be to have a bathe in the Pacific. To our surprise we were told no one ever bathes, the water is too cold. We tried to solve this problem and came to the conclusion that it was so cold, owing to the immense icebergs that are always breaking off at Alaska and floating down the coast. Our readers will hardly credit what we are about to narrate, but several ladies from San Francisco told us that, the two coldest months in the year there are July and August. This no doubt arises also from the proximity of the Alaska icebergs.

MOUNT TACOMA.—We had a great disappointment during our stay : owing to the dense smoke arising from the forest fires (there were fires in every direction) we were unable to see that most beautiful mountain "Tacoma," which is 14,444 feet high, and is capped with eternal snow, which feeds 14 "living glaciers" on its slopes. It rises sublimely out of the Cascade



Range which reaches an altitude only of 6000 ft., and it stands alone in its grandeur. We did however just catch a glimpse of its summit. From the same cause we did not see "Mount Baker," (10,800 ft.) or "Mount Hood," (11,200) or "Mount St. Helen's," (9750 ft.) all isolated mountains and many miles apart from each other.

### *PORTLAND, Or.*

The journey between Tacoma and Portland has several points of interest. The "tracks" pass through some forests with very large pine trees, probably from 12 to 16 feet in circumference and proportionately high. Many of these trees were on fire, and as night came on their lurid glare gave a weird aspect to the scene and almost raised a feeling of anxiety and alarm. About three hours or so from Tacoma the line wound round a projecting cliff, the formation of which closely resembled basaltic columns. The climax of interest however was reached when we neared the banks of the broad Columbia River (our old friend of the "Selkirks," and now many hundred miles from that district, and but few from the ocean) which is here probably about half a mile wide. The engine and train consisting of 13 carriages ran in three sections bodily on to a steamer, and in a few minutes we were in Oregon State and speeding away to Portland, where we arrived after 9 o'clock p.m. in the rain. It rained all the next day. The annual rainfall here is 53 inches. Portland is an important little city and port (60,000.) The "Portland" hotel seemed however to be the finest building in the town. The streets, cutting each other at right angles as usual, were well laid out. and altogether the place, notwithstanding the rain, had a pleasant, busy and

cheerful appearance. The next night we left by the train for Spokane Falls. At first we followed the winding banks of the Columbia for many miles, and as the moon was brightly shining this part of the journey was somewhat interesting. During the day we traversed a very good agricultural, undulating country, where much corn is grown.

**SPOKANE FALLS.**—We reached this place towards evening, and just in time to visit the stupendous gorge through which the "Falls" have made their way. We say "have," for the manufacturing energy of the day has deprived the falls of their glory. Another thrill passes through us as we think of the impending fate of Niagara! We had a good night's rest in another of those wonderful and spacious Western hotels, and at 9 a.m. we were in the train crossing a short prairie, then winding by the side of the Lake Pend d'oreille preparatory to crossing the Rockies on our way to the Yellowstone Park. Ours was a single track, and the night before we had heard of a terrible accident, (or "wreck," as they call it) by collision on a single line railway, which notice was announced in very significant terms on the hotel notice board, as "Train abandoned."

**TUNNEL ON FIRE.**—It did not add to our comfort when the conductor informed us about 7 o'clock p.m. that a tunnel which we ought to pass through about 5 a.m. next day was on fire. The vision of the Park seemed very far off, as this was Friday night, and we had looked forward to a pleasant rest there on the Sunday. However at 5 a.m. we reached the entrance to the tunnel, which had been banked up, and were all told to turn out. The morning was beautifully fine when we left the train, and the sun was shining brightly. It was a

clear mid-September morning, and we quite enjoyed our transit across the mountain over an impromptu road in a "stage" (coach) with four horses. How thankful we were that our accident was not like that of the previous day. Let us here add that in the 15,000 miles we travelled from leaving England to arriving back in Liverpool we neither of us received a scratch or a bruise. We reached the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel about 3 p.m., being five hours late. On approaching Cinnabar we passed a singular formation on the mountain side called the "Devil's Slide." It is formed by two walls of rock probably 150 feet high and 30 feet apart, and 4 to 6 feet thick, which run up the mountain side for 2000 feet, making quite an enclosed passage. The rock formerly between and outside the two walls of hard sandstone must have been of softer strata and have been gradually washed away. In driving up from Cinnabar to the hotel we passed an eagle's nest perched on a lofty pinnacle of rock.

### *THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.*

We may say that the Yellowstone Park was the apex of our desire, in sight seeing, in America. So far as the picturesque was concerned it was the magnet that attracted us, and we were not disappointed. We suppose it is no exaggeration to say that the Park is the most interesting and most wonderful place in the world.

To call it a "Park" is a misnomer, as it is above 6000 square miles in extent. It is large enough to be a State, but its only inhabitants in winter (as it lies at an elevation of from 6000 to 8000 feet) are buffaloes, elks, deer, bears, wolves, foxes, skunks, porcupines, beavers, hares, rabbits, eagles,

storks, herons, wild swans, geese, ducks, and innumerable wild fowl of every description ; as a fact we saw all these excepting the buffaloes (which go up into the higher mountains in the summer) and the beavers, but we saw the dams the beavers had so ingeniously constructed in the streams. So abundant have stags been in the Park, that a fencing has been made *with their horns*, round a large piece of ground in front of the Hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs.

A NATURAL ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Truly the Park is a gigantic zoological garden. As no shooting is allowed, and as the animals are not permitted to be molested in any way, they become so docile that the traveller may say with Alexander Selkirk, "their tameness is shocking to me." The bears are so domesticated that they come up to the hotels to be fed, and sometimes when driven by hunger they have been found invading the larder. A waitress at the "Fountain Hotel" told us that one evening she went out for a stroll in the lane, when suddenly she saw a bear trotting towards her as fast as he could. In order to frighten him she lifted up her apron and shook it at him. But old Bruin was too knowing to be frightened by a girl ; he was quite conscious that no one dare hurt him, so on he came trotting and trotting, and instead of the bear being frightened, he frightened the girl, and she fled as fast as she could into the house and bolted the door. To give other instances of this indifference to man, on one occasion, while on the coach, we passed a fox about a hundred yards off, worrying a rabbit, and he just looked up at the coach as much as to say, "oh ! its only you, is it," and went on devouring his prey, never attempting to make a retreat. Another time a fine porcupine came down to a part that was

usually much frequented by visitors, and quietly got up into a tree and allowed itself to be gazed at by us. He evidently knew that the soldier (one of the guardians of the park) who was standing by would see that no harm came to him.

**BOILING SPRINGS.**—These are but one interesting feature of the Park which abounds with the wonderful in nature, and is now probably without a rival in the world (since the destruction of the pink terraces in New Zealand) as regards its Hot Springs and terrace formations. The first place the visitor stops at on entering the Park is the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. The situation of this hotel is very fine, surrounded as it is on every side by mountains. The height of the hotel above "tide level," as the Americans call it, is 6000 feet. The terrace formations are in full view of the hotel, and about three hundred yards from it. They are so vast that their beauty is lost in their grandeur. Some idea may be formed of their extent when it is said that they cover nearly 200 acres, and attain to a height of probably 200 feet. Everywhere water at  $160^{\circ}$  is boiling up, and steam floating in the air. The lime, contained in the water, deposits and forms the most beautiful terraces and basins, varying in colour from cream and dainty pink, to yellow and green. These take all kinds of forms, from beehive shapes to basins, the latter as closely resembling baptismal fonts as possible. These fonts are filled with water which pours over the ledges and fills other fonts below and in like manner these supply others for many feet below, till we have tier above tier of the most lovely hued, gracefully formed, and exquisitely rippled stalagmitic basins that could be imagined, looking as soft as wool, and yet being as hard as marble. Here and there are deep pools of tenderest blue and brilliant

emerald, gurgling up and wreathed around with a vapoury cloud. One mounts to the summit, two hundred feet above the plain, and is startled to find on the very topmost ridge some half dozen little boiling springs, it may be each only the size of a coffee cup, yet all vigorously at work, spluttering and spurting, and doing their best to form little terraces of their own. A few score yards to the left, walking over dry and crisp white formations, which crackle under our feet at every step as though they would break and let us down into some dreadful boiling caldron, we reach quite a large sheet of steaming water on the top of the largest formation, and this is the main supply for nearly all the lower fonts and basins. Its waters had every colour of the rainbow, and if possible more; there were greens and yellows, and blues, and blacks, and pinks, and white. A peculiar russet coloured slimy weed, that seemed to thrive in this tepid water gave its ruddy hue to the general mass of colour.

On descending we pass, in the area below, a huge calcareous formation at least forty feet high, and forty feet in circumference, standing out distinct and separate as a conical peak amidst the surrounding pools. This is called "Liberty Cap," from its shape, and is the deposit formed by a geyser, now extinct. The terraces and pools we have just left have various names given to them, from "Jupiter" and "Minerva" down to "Little Cupid's Cave."

Mammoth Hot Springs is the principal station in the Park, and barracks are erected here for housing the few soldiers that act as guardians of the Park, both to protect the animals from the visitors, and the visitors from the hostile Indians, and other brigands. Their presence has been very effectual, as

during the last few years there have been no predatory incursions. *En passant*, these and the soldiers we saw at Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City, were the only soldiers we ever saw during our four months visit to the States. How different this is to Continental cities where every tenth man you meet is a soldier.

The Park has many minor canyons and waterfalls which are very picturesque, notably the Golden Gate, Middle Gardener Falls, Gibbon Canyon, Gibbon Falls, and Kepler's Cascades. These in any other place would form great attractions in themselves. We must not omit to mention a very singular formation lying between the Mammoth Hot Springs and the Norris Geyser Basin, "Obsidian Cliff, a ridge of *black volcanic glass*, 300 yards long and 150-250 feet high, once a favourite resort of the Indians, who made arrow heads of the obsidian." Obsidian can only be purchased at heavy cost per pound in London, here the roads are repaired with it.

GEYSERS.—The scientific interest of the Park centres in its Geysers and Hot Springs. Here it is not as in Iceland, a solitary geyser, or a score of boiling springs. The Park abounds with them, and it is impossible to travel many miles without seeing jets of steam rising from the ground on every hand, indicating their presence. There are more than 4000 Hot Springs and at least 100 active Geysers in the Park. The chief of these lie in three great beds, the Norris Geyser Basin, the Lower Geyser Basin, and the Upper Geyser Basin, all in the same locality, and within a few miles of each other. We shall not attempt to describe them, fortunately the best came last, there is an ascending scale of grandeur. We commence with (as a first introduction) some little spurts of ten or twenty feet going off in all directions at the Norris Geyser Basin. We

were fortunate enough to witness an eruption of the *Monarch Geyser*, a sight that is rarely seen, only on one previous occasion in the season of 1895 had visitors been privileged to see it. As it was our first Geyser, and sent its waters in great volume to a height of 100 feet and over, it made a great impression upon us. It does not bear its name without good reason, although it is not the finest geyser in the Park. We passed by *Black Growler*, which may be called a *dry geyser*, as he only lets off steam with a tremendous roar, like half a dozen "Campanias" blowing off steam at full pressure all at once. It is close by the road side, and made the earth tremble all around us.

We were the most interested in the *Fountain Geyser*, in the Lower Geyser Basin, which erupts every two or three hours, and plays for 20 minutes with the regularity almost of clock work. It is only a short distance from the hotel and is easily accessible. One can stand by its beautiful deep and emerald pool and watch the first disturbance of the water—the "troubling of the water," probably like that at Bethesda. At first it is not safe to stand near the brink of the seething caldron, for one never knows where the first jets of boiling water may shoot, but as the *fountain* gets into full play one may approach close to its border and catch, as far as the steam will permit, glimpses of the different bursts of the silvery spray as they rise into the air from 20 to 60 feet high, all mingling together and forming a massive but confused aggregate of steam and boiling water. This lasts for about twenty minutes and then gradually subsides, and in two or three minutes more the pool is as placid as if it never had known a disturbing influence.

This is truly a wonderland, the ground for miles around is built up of the calcareous deposits from the geysers and the



boiling springs, and seems to tremble as we walk over it. During the night of our stay at the "Fountain Hotel" we felt a great shaking of the building, and were told the next morning that an earthquake shock had occurred during the night. They are very frequent about here, but do no damage, as there are so many vents out of which the surplus subterranean energies can expend themselves.

The climax is however reached at the Upper Geyser Basin ; but to see these geysers play in perfection it is necessary to wait here several days, as, with the exception of "Old Faithful," (one of the most beautiful geysers in the Park, and throwing a jet of water 150 feet high and which goes off pretty regularly every 65 minutes—hence its name) they are very irregular in their eruptions. While we were there the *Castle*, which bursts forth every 30 hours and throws its waters 75 feet high, played with great vigour. The *Giant Geyser*, which plays very irregularly, sends its column of water up to a height of 250 feet, and is only surpassed by the *Excelsior Geyser* (now almost extinct) which throws up a huge mass of water 200 to 300 feet high.

We must not omit to mention the *paint pots*, or *mud puffs*, which in their way are quite as interesting as the geysers, and far more amusing. Imagine great basins, with diameters from 50 to 100 feet, filled with mud, like porridge, of a reddish tinge, ever on the bubble and squeak, some as if a great antediluvian monster had fallen into it and was drowning in its depths, giving out at intervals, with a kind of snort, his last dying breath. Others of a pale pinky hue, and in a milder way, every now and then coming to a boiling point and sending up with a flop a bubble of mud that forms itself into the shape of a nice delicate plate of ice cream. These vary in size and

colour, and seem never to enlarge or decrease. There is apparently no overflow.

THE LAKE.—We must just give a passing reference to the great Lake. It is said to be one of the largest sheets of water in the world at so high an altitude, viz., 7740 feet above "tide level." It is over 20 miles long by about 12 miles wide, and has an area of about 140 square miles. Its shape is very irregular, indenting the rocks with many bays. Although surrounded by mountains on several sides, it has but few claims to be regarded as a picturesque lake, at least at its lower end. One obtains however in steaming between the west bay and the Lake Hotel a very fine view of the Teton Mountains, which are 75 miles distant and above 14,000 feet high. The glaciers on this range can be seen distinctly through good glasses. The Lake Hotel would be a pleasant place to rest at for a few days were there not better scenes beyond. It is at West Bay that it is said one can catch his fish in the lake on one side and cook it in a boiling spring on the other.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.—On our way to the Lake Hotel we crossed the great "Divide," or summit of the Pass.

A very curious circumstance arises here owing to the peculiar position of the ridge. At the top there is an indicator that points to the East for the Pacific, and to the West for the Atlantic water shed. At the first we questioned its accuracy, and felt certain that a mistake had been made, as it ought to be *vice versa*, but a little reflection put one right. A paradoxical thing happens, it is this: The waters on the east side of this ridge flow south, and then turn sharp to the west through a rent in the mountain chain, and fall into the Pacific ocean, while

the waters on the west side flow north for fully 300 miles, and turn east, flowing into the Missouri River, and thence south, joining the Mississippi and falling into the Gulf of Mexico and Atlantic ocean. But we must hurry on to the great sight of all,

## *THE GRAND CANYON!*

The "Canyons" of America are among the wonders of the world. It is difficult to describe a "Canyon," it is neither a gorge nor a valley. Sometimes it approaches the one, and sometimes it resembles the other, and at times it is both. We have seen many Canyons, and all more or less beautiful, but the Canyon *par excellence* (if not for grandeur, at least for beauty, and in a great measure combining both beauty and grandeur) is the GRAND CANYON of the Yellowstone Park. Without hesitation we affirm it to be the most beautiful sight of our life. No description of it, however vivid, had ever conveyed to our mind the slightest idea of what it was in realization. Photographs and paintings were but as shadows of its glory. If on the one hand the mind was struck with awe at the sight of its vast depths and precipitous heights, the eye was filled with rapture at the beauty of its colouring.

The vision of man had never imagined massive form and resplendent colour could so combine, as to create such an enchanting scene. How can we attempt to describe that which is indescribable, or clothe the poetry of nature in the feeble words of prose?

Full seven miles does this earthly glory make its rift through desolate rocks and stunted forests. An emerald stream flows in its deepest depths, broken here and there by numer-

ous cataracts, and leaping falls. At the entrance to the gorge one hears the roar of a stupendous cascade, that hurls its crystal tide for nearly 400 feet into the abyss below; dashing itself on shattered rocks, and forest trees carried down in its course, and then, gathering itself together in the pool below, it bounds along amidst gigantic rocks of ever varying hue. The valley sinks, the rocks rise on either side and grow in majesty and grandeur, till their summits and walls of pink and purple, and limitless *golden yellow*, are burnished by the rays of the setting sun; whilst below, a thousand feet and more, the gathering shadows deepen, and settle on the pyramids of crimson and lichen covered rocks, that rear themselves from the base of the valley, on which the eagles, safe in their solitude and seclusion, have built their eyries. One could see from above, the eaglets in their nest below, and hear their cries, whilst the mother bird was soaring around in search of prey.

Our visit to the Park was unfortunately cut short by reason of a sharp snow storm coming on, and, fearing to be snowed up 8000 feet high at the Canyon, we hurried down to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. No snow appeared to have fallen there, 2000 feet below the Canyon. The next day we took the night train for Butte City, having again to pass by the burning tunnel; but by this time they had laid a temporary line over the mountain, which we passed while in our berths during the night. About 20 miles before reaching Butte City and about 1000 feet above it, we skirted the border of an immense wilderness of *enormous* stones or blocks of rock, chiefly rounded, and extending for several miles. We never remember to have seen anything so Cyclopean. The nearest approach to them in vastness being the largest of the rocks

forming the remains of the great landslip into the valley near Arth, in Switzerland, but here the area was ten times as large, and the huge rocks were on the top of the mountain and not in the valley. We should very much have appreciated a less hurried sight of them than our hasty glance from the train.

BUTTE CITY is essentially a miners' city, some of the shafts of the mines being in the streets. It is a busy, active place, and its shops and streets give it some pretence for calling itself a City. In the afternoon we resumed our journey, and about 9 next morning reached Salt Lake City.

### *SALT LAKE CITY.*

EGG CUPS.—Perhaps the most notable thing we have to record in connection with this city is the fact, that at so fashionable and so grand an hotel as the "Knutsford," they had no egg cups! The Americans generally have their eggs lightly boiled and then broken into a tumbler and beaten up. We preferred ours to be boiled in English fashion, and when they were served, they appeared in small *cream jugs* as impromptu egg cups.

A MONSTER APPLE.—If the "egg cup" had not been the most noticeable incident, we think we should have had to give precedence to a huge, nice flavoured eating apple, that we purchased at Salt Lake City for 10 cents. It took four of us to eat it, and then we were obliged to leave a quarter of it untouched.

THE CITY.—Polygamy, as we say elsewhere, is a thing of the past in Utah, (pronounced U-tor) but Mormonism still survives, and is evidenced by one of the largest Tabernacles, and one of the most costly Temples in the world. The Taber-

nacle will hold, on a pack, 12,000 people. It is not classical in form, but it is imposing in size ; its shape resembles a huge elongated dish cover. The Temple is a plain, massive and imposing structure with four towers. It cost 4,000,000 dollars. We were not permitted to enter the Temple : no Gentile is. The Tabernacle was undergoing repairs and there was no service in it on the next Sunday. We were however obligingly told that if we came down in the evening we should hear the choir of 500 voices rehearsing for the "Eisteddfod," about to be held in the city. In the evening we did attend, and are compelled by what we heard to add our humble meed of praise to the general one. We never heard the "Hallelujah" Chorus more beautifully rendered. We suppose that 300 out of the 500 were young girls, and nearly all of them were smartly and fashionably dressed, wearing little coquettish straw hats. We however saw none of remarkable beauty. They all appeared healthy, cheerful and contented.

The next day we took a drive through this really charming city, with its broad, tree-lined avenues and cozy villas. The driver of our carriage was a very intelligent man, and although a "Gentile," seemed to be on good terms with the Mormons we met. He knew nearly everybody. We will give the objects of interest we visited in the same order as we saw them :—

I.—Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, a vast concern like "Whiteley's," or the "Bon Marché." This shop is, notwithstanding its title, open to all customers.

II.—The Sanatorium, a fine building with hot sulphur baths, much frequented.

III.—The new City Hall, one of the handsomest public buildings in the States ; the walls of the corridors and of the staircase are lined with polished onyx.

IV.—The Tithe Yard, as its name denotes, is an important feature in Mormonism, as the Priesthood has to be maintained. In the sermon related elsewhere the preacher made a strong exhortation as to paying tithes, and said no one could be a good Mormon who did not pay tithes. At this place the tithes are gathered in kind.

V.—Old Mormon Houses. There was a separate door for every wife. Some had three doors, some five, and others even more.

VI.—The “Amelia Palace,” a very pretty and commodious villa, directly opposite to Brigham Young’s old house. It was occupied by his favourite wife; she now lives in a villa near to her father and mother.

VII.—Brigham Young’s old house, the “Lion House,” where he had several wives; adjoining this, his later residence the “Beehive,” (Utah’s emblem) at the corner of the street where the “Eagle Arch” is erected to his memory. The Temple can be seen from here, as it is in the same Avenue. We have already referred to the Temple and the Tabernacle.

VIII.—Brigham Young’s grave is in a square plot of ground on the opposite side of the same road. The stone that covers his vault is said to weigh seven tons. His first wife is buried near to him, and five others lie around, but none of his widows can be buried there now, as the burying ground is closed by the city authorities for sanitary reasons.

IX.—Our next visit was to the “Crazy-man’s House,” a very small cottage, covered outside with pictures, pieces of gay cloth, ribbons, cards, flowers, and evergreens. The poor man who lives there has been waiting for seventeen years for his bride to come, one to whom he was engaged in his early days,

but she never comes, and he lives on hopefully, faithful in his love, and expecting her. A marked contrast to those who formerly lived around him.

It is said that Brigham Young died worth 12,000,000 dollars. He "ran" the principal, if not the only theatre in the city. It was he who led the exodus of the Mormons, selected Utah as their State, and planned and built the city of Salt Lake. For monument, one might say of him as of Wren in St. Pauls Cathedral, "Circumspice," "Look around!"

We ran down by the afternoon train to Saltair, with its magnificent Bathing Pavilion, probably the largest in the world, having separate rooms for over 2000 bathers, who come down to the Salt Lake to enjoy an exhilarating bathe in its buoyant waters, which are said to contain upwards of 21 per cent. of salt (sea water varies from 3 to 4 per cent. only.) Here, as in every structure built of wood, large tubs and buckets filled with water are abundantly provided to be ready in case of fire. These buckets were filled with salt water; the great heat had evaporated the water and left the bottom and sides of one of the buckets beautifully encrusted with crystals of salt. On the way we passed several brine pools where salt is obtained in large quantites by evaporation.

### *FORT DOUGLAS.*

This fort, to which reference has already been made, is a garrison holding about 500 soldiers of the United States army. These, with the exception of the few told off for police duty in the Yellowstone Park, were the only soldiers we ever saw in our tour through the States. (We must also except the standing army of "Buffalo Bill," whom we saw make his state entry



into Dunkirk with one hundred or more mounted troopers, and at the time we jokingly said that such an array of force was a standing menace to the President of the United States.) Fort Douglas is 500 feet above the city and about three or four miles from it. The situation is lovely, and we were favoured with a magnificent October sunset over the lake. The valley is girt about by mountains, the nearest (the Wahsatch Range) being about 12,000 feet high.

A very curious effect occurs over the lake at sunrise, which we noticed on the morning of our arrival. The lower part of the sky bordering on the horizon becomes of a pale blue and the upper part of it a pale pink, and this effect occurs not in the East but in the West. We saw precisely the same effect produced at sunset in crossing the prairie between Denver and Kansas City, only in this case it was reversed, the sky being coloured in the East and not the West.

### *A WILDERNESS.*

On Monday about 8 a.m. we left Salt Lake City to return to Ogden on our way to Denver. The journey after leaving Ogden for a few miles is pleasantly picturesque, the track passing through two minor Canyons, *Echo* and *Weber*. After that the route is intensely uninteresting, the country being composed of sand hills and sand plains, as dry and as arid as those of Sahara. At Green River, the name of a little town, composed almost entirely of the shanties of the people employed on the railroad, some singular formations occur, like those protuberant rocks of the Saxon Switzerland which rise from the plain several hundred feet high. A short distance from this station a rock of an elevation of about 700 feet, and probably about

50 yards square at the top, stood boldly out; the lower part which was much wider, consisted of a very soft sandstone, or indurated sand with alternating layers of harder stone, and the top was capped by a hard stratified rock of at least 50 feet in thickness. There were several smaller ones scattered about this district. Here we had to wait for another train to join us. It came up to time, although since it started a day or two ago it had lost five hours on the road, through first having run into a herd of oxen and killed five of them, and secondly by reason of dashing into the "wreck" of a freight train. We could only hope that it would take us safely to Denver, which it did, without further incident. We reached Denver about 9 o'clock in the morning up to time. Let us here say that coming by this route from Salt Lake was one of the mistakes of our tour. We ought to have come by the Rio Grande Railroad, and thus have passed through some of the finest scenery in the world, instead of traversing an arid desert. Another reason for that route is this, that we should have passed through scenery in getting to Denver which we were obliged to make special excursions to see, involving loss of time and considerable outlay. We should have passed Glenwood Springs, Leadville, the Royal Gorge and Colorado Springs.

### DENVER.

This is an important, thriving, and charming city; it is very clean and bright, has spacious streets, good shops and very fine public buildings, the State Capitol and the City Hall being noble stone structures with imposing domes. The "Equitable" is a splendid twelve storied edifice in white stone and marble, and the "Brown Palace" Hotel is one of the sights of the

city. The suburban residential quarters are very pleasant and possess many pretty and costly villas ; we were greatly struck with the neatness of the gardens of the villas, and the pleasing and, to us, somewhat novel style of the architecture of the houses.

THE ROCKIES.—The situation of Denver is beautiful, the range of the southern group of the Rockies being full in view for about 170 miles, the nearer mountains being only about six or eight miles from the city, the peaks however were as usual all dried up and arid. In the distant South, 60 miles away, we could see Pike's Peak (14,147 ft.) but with no snow upon it. Several of these Peaks are over 14,000 feet high, and have only scraps of snow here and there. Naturally we asked ourselves, "How is this, when the line of perpetual snow may be generally taken at 10,000 ft.?" It must be remembered that there is very little rain in Colorado, rarely exceeding ten or twelve days in a year, consequently in the higher regions there can be very little snow, and what does fall is rapidly melted by the heat of the sun, so that it never has any opportunity to accumulate and form glaciers. These very lofty mountains do not appear very high as seen from Denver, for Denver itself is at a great elevation, viz., 5207 feet. As we always carried the snow with us, as the "gentle reader" will have remarked, in following us in our visits to Banff and the Yellowstone Park, we had it here a few days after our arrival, and again was the scene transformed from the Tropical to the Arctic. The storm was confined to the mountains, and the snow line was sharply defined on their sides, not lying lower than 10,000 feet.

THE SAVANTS.—There was great commotion in the Brown Palace Hotel, owing to a Convention of the American Public

Health Association being held in Denver Through the kind invitation of Dr. M. of New Jersey, we were enabled to attend the opening meeting held in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Bailey, of Louisville, presided, and the Governor of Colorado and the Mayor of Denver were present to give a cordial welcome to the delegates. The meeting was conducted *à l'Anglais* excepting that two or three organ recitals were interspersed among the speeches. It was very gratifying to us to hear the name of our good friend Dr. Newsholme of Brighton so honourably referred to.

COLORADO SPRINGS AND MANITOU.—The next day we took the train for these interesting places, staying for the night at Manitou, a charming little watering place nestling in a cozy well wooded valley and in full view of Pike's Peak from base to summit. It is from here that the mountain railway for the top starts.

A SURPRISE.—A most agreeable incident occurred to us while staying here, it interested us much and we crave our readers' kind indulgence while we narrate it; the incident reveals two things, first, the smallness of the world, and secondly, that phase of American character that we have ventured to call "kindliness," and which we have so feebly attempted to illustrate in one or two instances. It was as follows. After dinner we adjourned to the drawing room; a gentleman who was there when we entered, after a few minutes left the room, casting a friendly glance at us as he passed. In a couple of minutes he returned and coming up to the writer he held out his hand and said, "How do you do Mr.—" (mentioning our name). We heartily shook hands and he considerably sat down to have a chat with us, saying, "I saw you were English."

After a few minutes conversation he mentioned the name of a gentleman in New York, and the more he said about him the more we became convinced that it was a friend of ours ; so interrupting him we said, "and did he marry an English lady?" He said, "Yes"; "and was she a Miss A.?" He said, "Yes, do you know them?" We said, "Yes, for many years, and very cross we all were that this American should take away our charming little belle." Mr. H. then introduced us to the members of his family, and we spent a most pleasant and interesting evening together.

**THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.** — The next day Mr. H. politely invited us to take a drive with them to the "Garden of the Gods," a very picturesque spot filled with grotesque and curious rocks of white and red sandstone of all shapes and forms, some resembling animals, and others cathedrals and castles. The "Gate" is a very strange formation, rocks rise on either side to an altitude of 330 feet, and leave a narrow passage wide enough for a carriage to pass through. On one side the rock is as thin as a wall, being only a few feet in thickness.

**WILLIAMS CANYON.**—On our return to Manitou our friends drove us to the Williams Canyon, and the Cave of the Winds, where we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding mountains.

The next morning we left for the Royal Gorge, bidding adieu to our new friends.

### *THE ROYAL GORGE.*

The brilliant sunshine of the preceding day was followed by a break in the weather, the rain was falling heavily. and we felt a sense of disappointment, for sunshine and a clear atmos-

where are essentials for enjoying mountain scenery. After passing through the quaint town of Pueblo the line turns abruptly to the right, and shortly after dives straight into the Rocky chain. We were to the south of Pike's Peak, and ought to have had fine views of it, but the bad weather prevented us. At Florence we remarked many wind mills, not like our old English four-sail mills, but with one large round star like wheel; these are for pumping up petroleum, for they have "struck it" here. Immense tanks and derricks are crowded about the station.

GRAND CANYON OF THE ARKANSAS.—With little, or no preliminary warning, the train dashes into the Canyon, like entering a tunnel. The mountain has literally been split in two, rearing at the entrance its perpendicular walls to about 1000 feet high, and so nearly do they approach each other, as barely to allow room for the tumultuous river and the railway to struggle through the pass. A portentous gloom filled the chasm, and as we dived deeper and deeper into the mountains, and as the rocks rose higher and higher, without widening in their breach, thus intensifying the obscurity, the mind became appalled with the terrific grandeur and wildness of the scene. Instead of expanding, the gorge contracted, and the pent up river struggled with maddening fury to make its way over the impeding rocks that filled the channel. The railway, deprived of its narrow ledge, had to pass over a framework, hanging over the river, and supported by girders let into the rock of the Canyon on the one side, and by girders spanning the river and fixed into the rocks on the other side. It is here that the granite walls become stupendous, and almost overwhelming, rising to a height of no less than 2,600 feet, and this

part is called the ROYAL GORGE ! The savagery of the scene, immensity of the rocks, the tumult of the waters, and the dull obscured light that penetrated into these Tartarean depths, filled the mind with awe and wonder on the one hand, and on the other thrilled it with intense admiration for the sublime and grand in nature.

Strange that on emerging from this Gorge we should enter upon a plain of pasture land. Snow was falling fast, and we again had fears of being snowed up. We were a little disappointed with the mountain scenery about here, the wildness of the Gorge tending to make everything else look tame. We passed Selida (7050 ft. high) ; the new passengers reported that it had been snowing all day at Leadville (our destination). Still up, up our massive engine toiled, through very rugged and wild rocks, with here and there open fields and vast meadows. At 8000 feet high we were surprised to see potatoes and corn growing amidst these Rocky Mountains.

ILLNESS.—It was still snowing when at 7-30 p.m. we reached Leadville, 10,200 feet high, the highest ground we had ever put foot upon. Up to this point we had not felt in the slightest degree any ill effects from the rarity of the air, nor did we at the Yellowstone Park, although 8000 feet high, but on alighting from the car at Leadville, the air being damp, cold, and foggy, and the ground covered with snow, we were immediately seized with vertigo. With difficulty we reached the hotel and engaged rooms, but feeling so much worse (owing to a weak heart) we were compelled to return to the depôt where we had arrived, and by 8-30 p.m. we were back in a sleeper, having had to give up all thoughts of returning to Denver by the Pacific track, for which we had "round tickets."

Owing to the snow we did not leave Leadville till 3-30 a.m. About 6 a.m. we passed again through the Royal Gorge ; this time it was full of sunshine, the rising sun sending his rays straight up it, and the effect was nothing like so striking as on the day before. When we reached Denver, the vertigo had almost gone, and in a few days we forgot all about it. Our ticket being a "round ticket" was not available to return by the "Royal Gorge," so we had to pay 16 dollars extra (for the two) on the return journey. On arriving at Denver the obliging secretary of the railroad company, on hearing our explanation, promptly returned us the 16 dollars in exchange for the conductor's receipt. We must not forget to mention the kind consideration of the manager of the Leadville hotel when we were compelled to leave so abruptly.

### *MORE PRAIRIE.*

On Monday at noon we left by the Union Pacific Railroad for Kansas City, 639 miles distant, which we reached the next morning about 8 o'clock. During 400 miles of that weary journey we passed no town, nor hardly a village with 50 houses in it ; it was all endless, trackless prairie, gradually descending towards the Great Valley of the Mississippi. In the upper parts the "bunch grass" abounds, which affords good food for cattle winter and summer. We came into first touch with the Missouri River at Kansas City, which lies on its south bank. A few miles above St. Louis the Missouri joins the Mississippi, the "Father of Rivers," performing a paradox in nature, of the greater being merged into the less, for the Missouri is 2908 miles long, whilst the Mississippi is only 1330 miles long at their junction, which is 1211 miles from New Orleans, thus



giving a total length to the Missouri of 4119 miles. A similar paradox occurs in the Danube; at Passau, where the Inn, a river of from six to eight times greater width than the Danube, joins it. The Danube above Passau is but a small and sluggish stream of green water; here the Inn loses its name in joining the little Danube.

We had just time at Kansas City to catch the train going on to St. Louis. There was no Pullman car so we had to be content with the ordinary first-class; the carriage was very crowded, many having to stand. This was not a pleasant prospect for a further eleven hours journey. We ascertained that this week was the great fête week of the year at St. Louis, and *par consequence* the train was overcrowded. The country now began to appear much more like English scenery; there were fields and hedgerows, stacks and homesteads. The vivid tints of autumn had begun to turn the foliage of the summer into marvels of transparent colouring, varying from pale lemon to deepest crimson; the russet contrasted with the bright ochres, while they in their turn brought out, in intense relief, the sombre greens and bluish greys of the firs. It was quite dark when we reached St. Louis. In driving from the station to our hotel we came across the grand "Procession of the veiled Prophet," (why so called we know not). We had a good view of it, and saw the allegorical representations of the months of the year, and the days of the week, each month, and day, having a car to itself. We found on arrival at our hotel that we had to pay rather dearly for our view, as the hotel prices were doubled on account of the fête.

*ST. LOUIS.*

Alas ! how often realization falls short of anticipation. So it was with St. Louis ! Of all the cities in the States we had desired to see (excepting Washington and New York) our preference had gone out towards St. Louis as the busiest centre of industry. For forty years and more we had carried in our mind's eye the brilliant sky, the busy wharves, the enormous warehouses and granaries by the banks of the blue Mississippi crowded with majestic steamers, which the scenic artist of Charles Russell had put on canvas to represent the city of St. Louis. How different the reality ! What a great misfortune it is that the coal of the district is not anthracite instead of being bituminous ! Painful as it is for us to write it, St. Louis is one of the most smoke-begrimed cities we ever saw, or attempted to see, for we crossed that most magnificent of bridges (over 2000 yards long, which so gracefully spans the turbid Mississippi) in order to obtain the finest view of the city, and were foiled in our attempt, by reason of the canopy of smoke that hung over the greater part of it, thus realizing the line of the poet—

"Manufacture taints the ambient sky."

Nevertheless we were very much pleased with St. Louis, it is a vast city with about 500,000 inhabitants, two-fifths being Germans. Broadway and Fifth Street possessed some very fine shops, though the public buildings are not very striking. St. Louis however boasts two beautiful parks, Lafayette and Tower Grove Parks, also a very charming botanical garden, the gift of a Mr. Shaw, a native of Sheffield, in England. That which gave us the best idea of the wealth of the city was the

magnificence of the private residences of many of its most opulent citizens in or near to Forest Park. Our visit to them was made more interesting because we were politely accompanied by Miss B. from our hotel, who gave us many interesting particulars relative to the people who resided in them, and of the receptions which she at times had graced by her presence.

AN EXHIBITION.--In the evening we visited the Exhibition building and saw many ingenious inventions. We were particularly struck with the working of a steam chisel for cutting and carving in marble ; it was held in the hand to guide it, and the rapidity with which it did its work was wonderful, probably twenty times as fast as if done in the ordinary mode. A very good string band was playing in the large theatre, which might hold between 3000 or 4000 people. The concert was free, and persons sat indiscriminately in the boxes, pit, and gallery as suited their convenience.

### *CINCINNATI.*

The next afternoon we left for Cincinnati by the "Big Four," a fanciful but comprehensive name they give to the "track" that connects the four Big Cities of St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati and Cleveland. The railroad route was through a richly agricultural country ; the Indian corn, which seemed to predominate in the fields, had already been cut, but it was left out in stooks, so that the grain might be well dried before it was gathered in. Here as in our last journey we began to realize the wondrous beauty of the American "fall," (as they call the autumn). Towards sunset the effect was most beautiful, when the leaves seemed all glowing with fire as the

sun shot his declining rays through the trees. Beautiful as the autumnal tints were, we were told that they were often much more glorious and brilliant, as this year, owing to the dryness of the season, the foliage had not been as abundant as usual. We passed through Indianapolis, the capital and largest city of Indiana, a little before dark, being just able to obtain a slight glimpse of it. We reached Cincinnati after dark.

We were very much pleased with the city, but it is only a little less smoky and dirty than St. Louis. It possesses two or three fine buildings, notably the Chamber of Commerce and the New City Hall. In the Square where the large Government Building is, there is the beautiful Tyler-Davidson Fountain, which is celebrated throughout the States as a work of art, and truly it is worthy of its reputation. It was designed by Von Kreling, and cast in bronze at Munich. This square very forcibly reminded us of one of the squares in Vienna, where there is a similar piece of bronze work ; and no wonder that the city should in some degree assume a German appearance when we remember that out of the 300,000 inhabitants 100,000 of them are Germans.

We visited Eden Park, a very pleasant suburb, situated on the hills to the East of the city. The electric car in which we rode when it came to the foot of the steep hill, ran on to a stage on wheels, and was then with all the passengers in it, elevated bodily by the inclined plane railway to the top, and then continued its journey. Cincinnati, like all other American towns, has numerous charming villa residences, nearly all detached, with well kept gardens and trees surrounding them. While at Eden Park we were caught in another of those terrible thunder storms. The next morning was beautifully fine. We

went in another electric car, up a similar elevator to that at Eden Park, to Mount Auburn, also 500 feet above the city, where we had a very fine view of it and the surrounding country. We were in the State of Ohio, the "Buck-eye State," so called from the buck-eye tree, a kind of horse-chesnut. Below us was the city, bordered on its southern side by the river Ohio, which separated it from Kentucky, into which State we could see for many miles. The Ohio is a good broad river, even here. It has the steepest banks of any non-tidal river we ever saw, being from 20 to 30 feet above the level of the water, which at that time was low. The inference we drew was, that it is subject to great and spasmodic risings, owing to its being the only outlet for the waters that collect after violent storms, in its tributary streams on the western side of the Allegheny Mountains.

### *CLEVELAND.*

A very pleasant railway journey, again through a richly agricultural country, radiant in the brilliant autumnal sunshine, brought us at nightfall to the charming and important city of Cleveland (pop. 261,353) by the shores of Lake Erie. Owing to the number of beautiful trees that line its magnificent streets, notably, Euclid Avenue, it has obtained the name of the "Forest City." The half of Cleveland is fair, and alas! the other half is far from that; for here as at St. Louis the reeking manufacturing chimneys belching forth flames and black clouds of smoke defile the atmosphere, and the beautiful valley which the enormous viaduct spans, is turned into a very "inferno," with its Stygian stream of inky waters flowing through it. Baedeker says, "The view of the manufacturing quarters in

"the valley from this viaduct is imposing, *especially at night*." It is not often that we find that eminently practical *vade mecum* facetious, but we think that there is a little fun lurking in the phrase "*especially at night*," a time generally considered only favourable for fireworks and illuminated waterfalls. When we went to see the view it was day light, and we thought with Baedeker, that the view was "imposing," for we could see little or nothing but smoke, and then the artful writer anticipating our disappointment, gets out of the difficulty by saying that it is imposing "*especially at night*."

HEROES.—Wade Park at the extreme end of Euclid Avenue ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles) is very beautiful, and contains some splendid trees and pretty sheets of ornamental water, it adjoins Lake View Cemetery, where the handsome GARFIELD Memorial is erected, at a cost of £25,000. America loves to honour her sons, whether they be warriors, patriots or statesmen. There is not a city of note but contains at least a dozen or more statues, in its parks or squares, of eminent and distinguished citizens. It would alone fill pages of our little work to give in detail a description of the paintings, statues, monuments, obelisks, or imposing arches raised by a grateful people to the honour and memory of him who was while living "first in the hearts of his countrymen," GEORGE WASHINGTON! What a wealth of love has the nation lavished in honour of one of its bravest and most favoured warriors, in erecting that magnificent Grecian Mausoleum in the Riverside Park, New York, wherein to enshrine the ashes of ULYSSES. S. GRANT. It almost rivals the world famed tombs of Cæcilia Metelli at Rome, and that of the ambitious Hadrian. Let us turn for a moment from these heroic men, who fought battles, gained victories,

and made to prevail the causes they espoused, and yet left the battle field unscathed, to one who was no less a hero ; although his battles were of minor import in the history of his nation than those of the other two. They fought an open enemy ; he fearless and bold, had to meet a secret one, and bravely, nobly, heroically he met his fate in the very hour of his victory. A nation mourned him, as hardly any other man was ever mourned, and the whole world shared its grief. These thoughts are aroused in us as we remember that grand statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago, which depicts a tall, gaunt figure in laical costume, with head bent as if in deep meditation, and with a face full of melancholy and sorrow—that man was ABRAHAM LINCOLN !

**MOVING HOUSES.**—Fifty years ago we remember friends from the States visiting our family, exciting our childish wonderment by telling us that in America the people moved their houses from one street to another when they were tired of their locality. In Cleveland we saw this operation going on twice ; once in the fashionable Euclid Avenue. In this instance the house (of course built of wood) was so large that it was necessary to saw it in two, and very odd it was to see the house crawling as it were slowly down the garden on rollers, leaving the kitchen and its appurtenances behind. We were told that even brick and stone houses were sometimes moved. How different the primitive buildings of the States are to those now erected. The earlier wooden structures just rested upon the ground, like the houses in Japan, which being mere capacious habitable baskets, pass through two or three earthquakes in a day without any serious inconvenience to the occupants beyond a few minutes gentle rocking and a cracked

plate or two. Contrast this with the wonderful foundations laid for those massive 24-storied structures in Chicago. In New York the foundations are on the solid rock, but in Chicago they are only on the lake delta, and piles 40 feet long have been driven down to the level where the walls have to come, and then layers of concrete, enclosing iron rails to bind it together, are laid over the piles, and then massive blocks of stone on them for the superstructure to rest on.

### *DUNKIRK.*

Once more for a night we found ourselves under the hospitable roof of our friends at Dunkirk, who would not listen to our passing through on our way to Niagara again, without coming to see them.

GRAPES.—On our previous visit we had noticed many fields of grapes—we perhaps ought to say vineyards—and now it was the vintage we had the pleasure of tasting them. We liked them very much, they were sweet and pulpy, and possessed an agreeable flavour, and were of a fair size. They were remarkably cheap, not only for America but compared with European grapes. The grapes also in Rochester were of a similar character, if any thing, finer. We purchased there for a “Nickel,” ( $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) more grapes than one could possibly eat. There were both white and black grapes. The vineyards are but a recent introduction in the Eastern States. We think that the cultivation of the vine there has a great future before it.

### *NIAGARA.*

The next day we bade adieu to our friends, expressing the hope of meeting them again some day in Europe. We spent a few hours at Niagara, but as we have already recorded under



the head of "Niagara Falls," our notes of our second visit we shall say no more, except to add that we found the electric cars are propelled, lighted, and *heated* by electricity here. About 9 o'clock that night we reached

### ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Rochester is sometimes called the "City of Flowers." It was too late in the year to see them, for the trees had fallen into

"The sear and yellow leaf."

and "chill October" was making snow showers of the lemon tinted leaves that fell from the trees which everywhere lined the suburban avenues. In its gay yellow, autumnal robe, it was more like a fairy city than a reality; yet Main Street, the one great business thoroughfare, was active and full of life, and presented an attractive and mundane appearance. Once Rochester was celebrated for its Falls; it will ever be celebrated for the magnificent Gorge through which they have made their way. It is very like that at Spokane, and is spanned by a very handsome suspension bridge. The river that goes over the Fall is called the Genesee; but again commercial enterprise has nearly *swallowed* it all up, and this time literally, for if we are correctly informed, it has been turned into beer, by the numerous and far-famed breweries on its banks. We saw "Rochester Lager Beer" advertised in every eastern city we visited. Rochester is still very young, nevertheless it has some fine buildings, foremost stands the enormous "Powers Building," which contains a fine hotel and many public offices. The City Hall and Government Building is a chaste and classical edifice. Through the civility of one of

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the officials we saw over the public departments in it, and also the Supreme Court of Judicature, and were struck with their finish and completeness.

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**LAW COURTS.**—We visited the Session House and saw a gang of handcuffed prisoners leave it to march to prison ; great liberty was allowed them, as their friends walked and chatted with them. We heard a trial before the Recorder and a jury, relative to the damage done to a standing crop of hay by a spark emitted from a passing engine. Neither Judge nor Counsel wore forensic costume ; otherwise the proceedings appeared to be conducted on English lines. There is of course a difference between a Barrister and a Solicitor in America, but a man can hold both qualifications at one time, and can follow them at will, separately, as occasion requires. The court was addressed with becoming respect by both counsel, and neither in this nor any other court did we notice that freedom of speech and comment that is said to prevail in the American Inferior Courts. We believe that in the case we heard, the leading counsel was a year or two ago the judge, and that the then judge may be next year the leading, or even junior counsel, for the office of the State Judges is in all cases periodically elective. There is no great objection to the offices being elective, but to be elected only for a short period, and perhaps to have to solicit re-election at the hand of possible or actual litigants, must be in a great measure destructive to the independence of the Bench, and must tend to mar the honourable discharge of its functions. We were told that the salaries attached to the post were quite inadequate to maintain the dignity of the office, and resulted sometimes in the selection of inferior men, as abler men were unwilling to

give up their more remunerative general practice for probably a fleeting honour. As a lawyer, this elective practice seems to us a grave blot on their "Judiciary." If we spoke of the minor officials connected with the administration of the law, and their temporary holding of their elective offices, we might be trenching on politics, therefore we will discreetly close this paragraph.

RE-UNION.—At Rochester dwelt some of those social magnets that had drawn us across the broad Atlantic to visit the shores of America, and under the hospitable roof of our friends we spent four pleasant and happy days. On one of those days we were chaperoned by a young lady of five, who called for us in her own buggy to go with her to her "Kinder-Garten," and few hours of our life have been more enjoyable than the one which we spent with those little terrestrial angels, in seeing them open their tiny intelligences to receive the first germs of knowledge. We think that this must have been an exceptionally nice "Garten," as there was so much affection and kindness thrown into the work by the mental bud developer. Some years ago we remember seeing an infant school in Switzerland with a sign up, designating it "Paradis," and when we thought of the cuffs and the corners, and the tears, and the hard lessons, we thought the term was a parody, yet Paradise was the "Garden" where the "Tree of Knowledge" grew in the midst. One of the object lessons that day was a sprig of the horse-chesnut tree, shewing the horse's hoof upon it with the nails—hence its sobriquet, "horse." We were 50 years old before we became acquainted with this interesting little fact, and probably many of our readers may not have heard it before.

A BALLOTING MACHINE.—We now turn from the simple to the complex, the balloting machine, complex only in the number of its parts, and yet so simple that a child might understand its working. Through the kindness of the Inventor we were shown its operation. It would be impossible to describe it in all its details with exactitude, in fact it would be almost beyond the power of the patentee himself to do so. The object is to secure secret voting and to prevent *mala fide* on the part of the voter, and as far as we could test it with all our opposing wit, it did its work efficiently. Imagine a room the size of a ship's state-room, with entrance and exit doors on the same side. After a man enters he closes the door, and that door cannot be opened again until he opens *and closes* the exit door; the exit door can only be opened from the inside. Supposing the voter entered, he is cut off from all external communications. The cabinet is lighted by electricity. The first thing the voter sees before him is a series of what we will call ordinary door bell pulls, fixed one above the other; against each "pull" is affixed the name and office of the candidate. Let us suppose that there are two candidates for the office of Mayor, three for Town Clerk, and two for magistrate. He has only one vote, he votes for the mayor first by drawing out the "pull" against A, his selected candidate. Were he mean enough to tamper with the ballot, and tried to push the "pull" back so that he might draw it out again, he would find it locked, and if he tried to vote for B the second candidate, he would find that "pull" locked too. The same observations apply, after he has given his first vote, to the "pulls" as to Town Clerk and Magistrate. He has only one vote and he only can give one vote for each person. When he leaves the

cabinet and *closes* the exit door, that unlocks the entrance door, and unlocks and places back in proper position all the "pulls" ready for the next voter to use. The number of every vote is registered automatically on separate dials, placed on the outside of the cabinet, but concealed from view by a locked door or shutter. When the election is over, the door is opened and the result of the election is known in a moment. The total number of votes registered for each candidate is seen at once. The tediousness, and often inaccuracy of counting ballot papers is thus avoided. The arrangement seems to us to be perfect and is much used in the States.

MORMON BIBLE.—On Saturday we bade adieu to our good friends and took the early train for Boston. We passed Palmyra, where Joseph Smith the Mormon Prophet claimed to have found the golden plates of the "Mormon Bible." The journey occupied 11 hours and was not very interesting. We passed through the Hoosac Tunnel, 4½ miles long (the longest tunnel in America). Its construction cost over £3,000,000. We reached Boston about 8 p.m.

### BOSTON.

The next morning as we went to Church we could fancy that during the night we had been transported to England, everything had such an English appearance. The streets were no longer straight, cutting each other at right angles, but crooked and devious and at first rather puzzling. Most of the dwelling houses were of red brick, with the old fashioned bow windows of the last century. On the western side of the common we could well have imagined that we were walking up the hill at Richmond in Surrey.

THE COMMON.—“Boston Common” has now developed into a well regulated and ornamental park right in the centre of the city. We sought out its “Long Path,” where Oliver Wendell Holmes in “The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,” lays the scene of one of the most romantic and concise proposals and acceptances we know of. The two met, who had long known each other at the common table, by accident on the Common near the “Long Path.” Addressing the schoolmistress the Professor said, “Will you take the “Long Path” with me?” “Certainly,” said the schoolmistress, “with much pleasure.” “Think,” I said, “before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more.” The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement as if an arrow had struck her. “Pray sit down,” I said. “No, no,” she answered softly; “I will walk the *long path* with you.”

PATIENCE EXEMPLIFIED.—One night a public dinner had taken place in our hotel. On passing the hat room we saw in the corridor about 50 or 60 men standing in *queue* the last, as the second, patiently awaiting his turn to obtain his hat and coat. In England we are afraid it would have been different. They manage these things better in America.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—There are so many objects of interest to see in Boston (population close upon half a million) that we hardly know where to begin. They say that Washington Street is the busiest street in the world; it is very narrow, contains many splendid “Stores,” and is always crowded; the young people here jostle and push past you, perhaps a little unceremoniously. The tram cars congest the road traffic, and thus add to the general confusion. We sought refuge in a

carriage, and we will ask the reader to accompany us in our rapid glance at the chief points of interest in Boston. Proceeding down Tremont and Boylston Streets we reached Copley Square, (which appears to be much more an irregular triangle than a square). It is adorned with some beautiful buildings. First on the left is the solid but beautiful Romanesque Church of Holy Trinity ; it is unique and singularly effective. The Rev. Phillips Brooks (late Bishop of Massachusetts) was Rector here for 22 years. Then we passed the Museum of Fine Arts, with its valuable collections, (unfortunately closed) and arrived at the PUBLIC LIBRARY, one of the gems of American architecture. Although the exterior is somewhat cold, yet it is dignified and impressive, and the interior is palatial, with its noble marble staircase, rich decorations, and beautiful Italian Court. At the Western corner of the square is a new church (Italian gothic) with an imposing tower ; it has a very contradictory title, namely, "New *Old* South Church." It is the lineal descendent of "Old South Meeting House," (the most sacred shrine in Boston) at the corner of Washington Street. Benjamin Franklin was baptized at the Old Meeting House in 1706, and—strange anomaly—it was from its doors that the Bostonians, disguised as wild Indians, set out to throw the tea (on which an exorbitant tax had been imposed) into the harbour in 1773. The old building now belongs to a patriotic society, and contains interesting relics of Washington and others. Among the curious objects hung on the walls is a word from the Red Indians' Bible, compiled by Eliot ; it is the longest word we ever saw, and is worthy of the famous literary city where it finds itself. It contains 33 letters,

WUTAPPESITTUKQUPUNNAKWCHTRINKQUOH,

and means "kneeling down to Him."—Mark 1. 40. From

Copley Square we drove down Commonwealth Avenue, one of the finest residential streets in America, and then through Beacon Street, which is the "aristocratic" street of Republican Boston. Oliver Wendell Holmes lived at No. 296. These two streets are built upon the reclaimed tidal flats of the Charles River. At the river end of the Avenue is a striking statue of *Leif Ericson*, the rival or rather predecessor of Columbus, for he landed with his Norsemen at Port Allerton in the 11th century. From here we obtained a good view of the city and of the famed Bunker Hill with its granite obelisk. The morning was fresh, the river was sparkling, the long bridge across the Charles River lay inviting and our driver suggested that he should take us to Cambridge, (pop. 70,000) about 3 miles away, the seat of the celebrated

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—"Harvard" somewhat reminded us of Eton. It has a quiet and academic air, and some of the modern buildings, especially Sever Hall, and the noble MEMORIAL HALL (erected in memory of the members of the University who fell in the Civil War) were striking examples of architecture. We saw the large hall in the latter building, with the tables set for dinner, 1000 students dine there daily.

GLASS FLOWERS!—We are not an enthusiastic admirer of wax flowers, much less of glass flowers, but the collection of glass flowers in the Museum at Harvard surpasses all that we could have imagined of the beautiful in that art. The glass flowers are natural sized models of almost every rare variety of flower to be found in America; they are for the especial use of students in botany. The stamens, pistils, and ovaries of each flower are also placed by its side, and these are many



times enlarged, the better to be studied. We were so charmed with this collection that we came a second time to inspect it. Nature seemed rivalled in its representation.

**THE COMMON.**—We stood under the famous **ELM** where Washington assumed command of the American army on 3rd July, 1775. Close to is Christ Church, built of materials brought from England.

**LONGFELLOW.**—We never saw Longfellow in the flesh, but it was our good fortune when in Rome in 1869, to be introduced to the sculptor of the far-famed "Greek Slave," Power, and he shewed us a bust which he had just sketched of the lion headed poet, Henry W. Longfellow. It was life-like, and we have felt ever since as though on that occasion we had seen two of America's greatest sons in poetry and art. Longfellow, who might be called more properly the angel-hearted poet, lived for 45 years (till his death in 1882) at Craigie House, at Harvard. The villa is pleasantly situated, overlooking the ever fresh and sparkling Charles River, and the southern portion of Boston.

**MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.**—A little further on we reach the most beautiful of cemeteries, with its little hills and dells, pretty lakelets, looking so bright, with the sunshine sparkling amidst the golden leaves of the maple trees. Veiled in this sylvan scene of repose and rest, we descried on a little smooth grass grown elevation, a simple classic tomb with one word engraved upon it—**LONGFELLOW**. Around reposed the ashes of Lowell, Motley, Artemus Ward, and others.

**STATE HOUSE.**—Boston boasts many fine buildings, first among which the State House, with its grandly gilded dome, stands out commandingly on a hill overlooking the Common.

The Government Building (including the Post Office) is an imposing building with a French roof, a very common feature in American public buildings. The Old State House still exists, it is small and unpretending. It has recently been restored, and our thoughts were carried back to the past by seeing "The British Lion and Unicorn" adorning its front. Whatever may appear on the surface, deep down in the hearts of the American people there lies an ineradicable feeling of attachment and affection for the "Old Country." We were conscious from the first, that the kind consideration shown to us was because we were English, and only on that account. Wherever we went we were gratified to hear our beloved Queen always spoken of by the American ladies, with reference to her womanly character and virtues, in terms of the highest eulogy, and although her sceptre sways no longer over these lands, yet as an honoured and illustrious lady, exemplifying that which is highest and best in womanhood, she influences many loyal and devoted hearts.

### *NEWPORT.*

NEWPORT.—If there is any town in the States that can lay claim to be aristocratic, it is Newport, Rhode Island. A short and pleasant journey through a well wooded and well watered country, brought us to this delightful sea-side resort. Newport is very fashionable and exclusive, the richest and best families in America reside here for months during the summer to enjoy the refreshing breezes of the Atlantic, and the charming scenery around. Some of the so-called "Cottages" are palatial, notably, the marble mansion of Mrs. Vanderbilt. We have nothing in England that corresponds to Newport. It is

essentially a Society resort. As we have said, it is very exclusive. There is a Society or Club called "The Four Hundred." One qualification at least, for a candidate for election as a member, is, that he must have *inherited* wealth. No admission for "self made men" here, however rich they may be ; whether he is a rich banker or a rich grocer, it is all the same, he is not admissable, but the son of either of them would be, probably because it would be assumed that *he* would be educated. The neatness of the houses, the trimness of the gardens, and the carefully mown and well kept lawns, denote the ancestry of the occupants, for nowhere but in England can such be seen.

A CARRIAGE LIFT.—At one house here we were told that the ball room was on the second floor (our first) and that when a ball was given the carriages of the guests drove into the house and on to a stage, which was then elevated to the second floor. The guests alighted and walked straight into the ball room, then the stage was lowered, the carriage drove out, and another took its place. These Americans are wonderfully enterprising people.

It was very pleasant in the brilliant sunshine of the afternoon, steaming up the Narraganset Bay to Wickford, where we took train for New York. The journey was full of interest till night closed upon us, and

"By punctual eve the stars were lit."

We passed many interesting towns and crossed the broad estuary of the noble Connecticut River. The factories of Bridgeport were all ablaze with light as we passed through it, and looked quite *en fête*. It is here that the celebrated Wheeler and Wilson, and the Howe sewing machines are manufactured.

We reached New York safely and soon found ourselves "located" in the Westminster Hotel, a very comfortable, quiet and genteel house. It was here Dickens stayed during his residence in New York; we saw the rooms he had occupied. Things have greatly changed since then.

### NEW YORK.

The best way to have a good general idea of a city, is to obtain, if possible, a bird's eye view of it. This is not a difficult thing to do in a place having houses 24 stories high, but we preferred to see New York from

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—This bridge is one of the engineering triumphs of the world. It is 5990 feet long, and 135 feet above high water level. It has two railroad tracks, two carriage ways and a spacious central footpath. We crossed the bridge in the cars and returned on foot, walking more than a mile. The day was beautifully clear, and the view never to be forgotten. The East River was all alive with busy steamers and large ships; Brooklyn lay behind us, and the southern portion of the beautiful, bright and unique city in front of us. New York is certainly the cleanest city in the States—we mean *atmospherically clean*. The secret of all this is, that they burn anthracite in their furnaces. We saw many smokeless chimneys, and only steam escaping from the top of the buildings. We spent altogether three weeks in New York, and every day was fully occupied. We should weary our kind readers if we were to record all we saw, and as we have no desire to write anything in the shape of a guide-book, we must epitomise.

THE CITY.—The city of New York is unique in its situation. Let us take a map and lay it before us. We are at

once struck with its resemblance to a ship ; it has a stem and a stern, but unfortunately for our simile it has its back broken in the fore part, and presents rather an uneven keel. Like a ship should be, it is entirely surrounded by water. Again at its bow it carries its figure head ; in the picturesque Castle Gardens and Battery. She is a cargo boat and carries her freight somewhat forward, and towards her stern is the quarter deck, composed of the aristocratic or rather wealthy quarters of Fifth, Maddison, and Lenox Avenues. In her centre is the state saloon in the shape of the Central Park. The city is about ten miles long and a little over two miles broad at its widest. It slightly rises from the rivers on either side to its centre, and has a solid foundation of rock for its often immense buildings to rest upon.

The old part of the city is a little more complex in its street arrangements than the central and western parts, which are regular and cut each other at right angles ; avenues running north and south, and streets east and west. New York is a very fine city in whatever aspect it is viewed, whether commercially or residentially, and is the Empire City of the Western World. It abounds in magnificent public buildings, enormous commercial structures, overwhelming hotels, fine churches, beautiful theatres and opera houses, gigantic stores, and splendid mansions, and possesses a noble cathedral. It has spacious squares graced by beautiful monuments, fountains, and statuary, and in its centre is found one of the most beautiful natural and ornamental parks in the world, and as we have said, it is marvellously clean and abounds in fresh air and sunshine.

**WALL STREET, &c.**—Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Wall Street, are known all over the world. One or two days we spent

entirely in the city, visiting the Stock Exchange, with its noisy clamour, the massive Produce Exchange, with one of the largest rooms in the States. At one end of the room is a round pit, 30 feet in diameter, and 6 feet deep, with steps round. Here corn and stock are sold to the highest bidder. We conceived from this how "rings" were formed. Every five minutes the Chicago quotation was displayed on a large disc on the wall, and that in some measure guided the biddings. It seemed easy for a "ring" to run up or run down prices.

**ASSAY OFFICE.**—This insignificant looking building is in Wall Street. On entering it we saw a veritable Plutus pouring molten gold into moulds, and making auriferous gofers. In another department we tried to lift an ingot of gold worth £1600, and failed, and elsewhere we saw silver reduced to a liquid state; a glass of apparent water was offered to us, which we were told was dissolved silver, and to remove our doubts some grains of coarse salt were thrown into it, when there were instantly precipitated beautiful pearly spiral deposits, and this sediment afterwards, by various subtle processes, could be turned back into veritable and almost unalloyed silver.

**FULTON.**—Crossing Broadway we visited Trinity Church, a modern Gothic edifice, built on the site of one of the oldest city churches. The income it derives from property is £50,000 a year; it is probably the best endowed church in the world, and has many churches and charities dependent upon it. Fulton (the pioneer of steamboat navigation, if not the originator of it) lies buried in its churchyard; unaided we could not have found the sacred spot, for not even a headstone, much less a monument, marks his resting place. He lies in the vault of the Livingstones, into which family he entered by marriage.

**BROADWAY.**—We return to Broadway. This street is anything but “broad.” A hundred years ago it might have been considered so. It is however a very long street, some five miles or more, and is full of handsome shops, public buildings, and theatres. It is very central, and one way or another we found ourselves in its cable cars nearly every day. We now reach City Hall Park, containing the Post-office, (a very large and commanding building with the usual Mansard roof) and the City Hall and Court House.

**CITY HALL.**—A hundred years ago no doubt the City Hall was considered a very fine building for so small a city as New York then was. Now it is a very small building for so fine a city as New York now is. The Governor’s room is historically interesting as it contains the chairs used at the first U.S. Congress, the chair in which Washington was inaugurated President, and the desk at which he wrote his first message to Congress. These relics brought us very near in thought to the scenes they formed a part of, and turning round we saw Washington looking down upon us from a canvas on the wall.

**THE TOMBS.**—Not far off are the Tombs, (significant name) a heavy gloomy looking building in the Egyptian style. The Old City Police Court is here, but it is now disused. Through the courtesy of the “Warden” we saw over the Tombs Prison, the New York “Newgate.” Here were, we are sorry to relate, several murderers condemned to the “chair,” the seat of death by electricity. Two cells were pointed out, as being the cells of two notorious scoundrels, both doctors, who about the same time a few years ago had each poisoned his wife. The cells have no doors, but iron lattice work gates, answering two purposes, viz., good ventilation, and constant supervision.

Great liberty is allowed to the prisoners, in seeing friends and having the free use of tobacco. The prison is a very old one, notwithstanding, it was very clean, and kept in good order.

**CRIMINAL COURTS.**—This new building, which is close to, may rank with the most striking public structures of New York. It consists of many stories, on each flat are separate courts. It is needless to say that there are elevators to each flat, for there is hardly a public building in the States without an elevator. We went into the New Police Court; the officials were very attentive and one of them was very pressing, that we should see a lad of 15, who was charged that morning with having chopped off a man's head. We expressed no desire to do so, but he persisted and *volens volens* pointed him out to us. The miserable boy when arrested did nothing but repeat, "Will they put me in the "chair"? There were peculiar circumstances mentioned to us concerning the case, that make it highly improbable that he will have to be placed in the "chair."

**OTHER COURTS.**—We then visited the Courts of Equity and the Sessions Court, and found the proceedings conducted in all with much dignity and decorum. There was as usual—although the Judges here were much higher in rank than any others we had yet seen—neither judicial ermine, nor forensic robe. We were told however that the Judges of the Supreme Court are robed but not coiffed.

**PENITENTIARY & HOSPITAL.**—A permit was readily obtained from the Commissioners of Public Charities, to visit the Penitentiary and Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island in the East River. We found the hospital almost precisely similar to an English hospital. The ventilation and cleanli-



ness were perfect, and the patients seemed attentively cared for. We were pleased to hear ourselves addressed with our native accent, by the Sister in charge of one of the wards ; she had come over to perfect herself in the American mode of treating the sick.

Unfortunately for us we arrived at the Penitentiary at the dinner hour, when it is closed to visitors ; however, on pressing our request, the authorities with that obliging nature so characteristic of the Americans, yielded to us, and allowed us to enter and see one cell. Now in a prison one cell is exactly the same as another, so that seeing one we saw all. It was very similar to the cells we saw at the Tombs. This prison is a modern one, having no cell against an outer wall (as we invariably have) but the long lines of cells are placed *dos à dos*. The prison dress is not quite so *outré* as ours. Every thing we saw here was very clean and orderly.

ELEVATED RAILWAYS.—The City is girdled by an elevated railway running by 3rd Avenue one way, and returning by 9th Avenue the other. This passes through the formerly notorious street called *The Bowery* ; the last 50 years has made a great change in its character. By taking this railroad one can obtain in the course of an hour a very fair idea of the size of New York. Another elevated track runs the length of First and Second Avenues. There are other tracks.

PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.—We can only give a passing glance at these coming up Broadway. From the city one sees a very graceful little Gothic Church, with its equally charming vicarage. The church in its name agrees with its appearance, for it is called GRACE-CHURCH ; it is quite one of the ornaments of the city. The Roman Catholic CATHEDRAL of St. Patrick's

is a pleasing example of decorated Gothic, having two perforated spires. It is built of white marble. It is too much surrounded by buildings to look imposing, and like the Cathedral at Montreal, it is pewed. Domestic architecture, (leaving out the gigantic hotels, except a passing mention of the very beautiful Waldorf and the lofty New Netherlands) is represented by the two noble mansions of Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt and her daughters, and two picturesque Chateaus in the French style belonging to other branches of the great Vanderbilt family, all in Fifth Avenue. Also by a dwelling house, that we venture to describe as in "new American" style, and this example best illustrates our former reference to the use of the deep recessed, and expansive arch in American architecture; we refer to the celebrated and unique TIFFANY HOUSE on Maddison Avenue. This Avenue is a very select one, but tolerates a tramway, which however is obliged to be worked underground in the centre of the street, and the tunnel is covered with pleasant gardens. The more aristocratic Fifth Avenue does not tolerate a tramway, and suffers from a badly paved road, and the most noisy and ugly line of omnibuses we have seen in any city.

The University is a stupendous and lofty building in Washington Square, very unacademic in appearance. Here, if we remember aright, the arch, very high up, becomes a prominent feature in its style. Adjacent to this in the same square, is the Washington Centennial Arch, a minor reproduction of the Arch of Constantine in Rome; Fifth Avenue may be said to start from this arch. We now come to, in that Avenue, the immense business premises of the "Methodist Book Concern," a singular title for one of the largest book houses in the world.

We were obligingly shown over it, and saw book making in nearly all its stages, from the preparation of the electro-type to the binding of the books. The Board room of the "Concern" contains good portraits of various Presidents of the American Methodist Church. We visited many of the enormous stores, among them "Tiffany's," the renowned jewellers, and became entangled in its golden web.

New York abounds in Colleges, Museums, Hospitals, and (a special and unique feature) in Armouries; if their soldiers are not visible, their strongholds are, and some of these are great ornaments to the city. There are many fine statues. We were particularly struck with the life-like pose of that of Admiral Farragut. Maddison Square Garden is a very fine building with a handsome tower. Why it should be called a garden is an enigma to us, as it is a large hall, very similar to our Islington Agricultural Hall, with the addition of a theatre, &c. It was in this hall that the horse show was held in November, and at this "show" all the *élite* of New York was present, and a very gay and animated scene it was. On that occasion the "Duke and Duchess" were there, the cynosure of every eye. At the end of Maddison Avenue is the fine and commodious Grand Central Railway Dépôt. The Clubs of New York take rank among its most handsome buildings. The Progress Club is a magnificent creation in white marble. We must not omit to mention one building which has obtained an unrivalled celebrity in American politics, if not architecturally, that is "Tammany Hall."

### NEWSPAPERS.

The newspaper offices of New York are in themselves a remarkable feature among the public buildings of the city.

The *Herald*, first of the leading "Dailys," is content with the lowliest of quarters, yet withal exquisite in design and finish, resembling more a Venetian palace than a printing office. Then comes the *Tribune*, with its high clock tower; and lastly, over topping all, rises the proud dome of the *World* (310 feet high) being one of the highest buildings in the city. Newspapers in the States are cheap, relatively to other things, but although they are published at 2 to 3 cents one can rarely buy them for less than a "nickel." The public mind ought to be well informed, for there are no less than 50 daily papers in New York and about 300 weekly. High as the standard of the leading "Dailys" is, one cannot help but feel some surprise, that they should use such melo-dramatic and sensational headings for the various items of intelligence, especially as to those relating to murders and horrible tragedies. Every morning on opening one's paper there is the same ghastly array of news, bluntly and repulsively displayed. Each heading might have been arranged by that great master of thrilling descriptive realism, Zola, or at least by skilled *redacteurs* who have drawn inspiration from his sensational works. We quote a few of such headings taken at random :—

### BOY SLAYER TELLS THE SAME STORY.

Young Beresheim persits in declaring That He  
Killed Krauel in Self-Defence.

HAD ATTACKED HIM BEFORE.

When the Restaurant Keeper Refused Him Money the Boy Assailed  
Him with a Penknife.

HE MAY ESCAPE CONVICTION.

## **WAS CLUBBED BY POLICEMEN.**

**Patrick Kehoe Badly Hurt by Bluecoats of the Macdougall Street Station.**

**HAD TO CALL A SURGEON.**

**Six Scalp Wounds Were Dressed by a Doctor Summoned from a Hospital.**

**CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.**

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## **SHOT IN HIS HOME BY A BURGLAR.**

**John Smith, Returning Home Early Yesterday Morning, Encounters a Murderous Thief.**

**A BULLET IN HIS LUNGS.**

**The Wounded Man Smoked a Cigar at the Station While Awaiting the Ambulance.**

**CONFEDERATE WAS ARMED.**

**John Smith was shot and seriously wounded.**

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## **LYNCHERS PAUSE FOR PRAYERS.**

**With a Rope Around a Negro's Neck the Mob Permits a Salvation Army Girl to pray for the Accused.**

**MOB HANGS AND SHOTS HIM.**

**He asked a Maryland Woman for Food and After Being Supplied Turned Upon Her.**

**JAIL EASILY BROKEN INTO.**

## SAYS HIS CRONY POISONED HIM.

Strange Belief in Mysterious Hoodoo Medicine  
Shown by a Dying Negro.

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CONSUMPTION HIS DISEASE.

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Buckner Says That He Saw Johnson Put a Powder in Turner's Glass.

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CORONER REFUSES TO ACT.

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THE NORMAL COLLEGE.—We consider this college to be one of the sights of New York. Here 2500 young women are trained, and very highly trained, *gratuitously*, by the State, with a view to taking service as teachers in the State schools. Through the kindness of the principal, Dr. Hunter, we were privileged to see the assembling of the 2500 in the large hall at 9 a.m. They entered in marching order, to a lively air played on the piano by the Professor of Music. It took them about three minutes to gain their seats, after that, one could have heard a pin fall, so intense was the silence. Discipline is very rigidly maintained in this college. Each girl sat, and stood, almost in the same attitude. After a hymn, there was a short reading of the Bible. The college is strictly denominational, Jews, Roman Catholics and Protestants attend alike. Then the Principal gave a short and very practical address, as to the rights and responsibilities of the private property of the young ladies, with certain admonitory cautions and suggestions, and some grave hints. The students were

dismissed in the same order, after which Dr. Hunter politely shewed us through the calisthenic, carving, and cooking departments.

MUSEUMS.—We visited the Art Museum in the Central Park. Great enterprise has been shewn in collecting the antique, especially in the Cypriote collection, and in obtaining copies or casts of some of the most ancient and noble works of art in the Old World. We were greatly pleased with the Natural History Museum and its splendid collection. We were amused in being received at the entrance by an old friend, in the shape of the skeleton of the famous JUMBO! The collections of shells and of birds were particularly interesting, but the great charm of the place was in its lofty and well lighted rooms, and in the artistic and natural manner in which the animals were displayed, showing their habitats. A huge octopus, some 20 or 30 feet from the tip of one extremity to the opposite extremity, hangs suspended from the ceiling in one of the rooms.

### WASHINGTON.

Perhaps, before New York, travellers think of Washington as the chief and most beautiful city of the States. It is rather a misfortune than otherwise to over praise a place. We well remember before our first visit to the Rhine, a friend saying to us, "it is an over praised river," this remark toned down our expectations, and we were not disappointed; we could wish it had been so with Washington. We had anticipated too much. In its *tout ensemble* we were disappointed. In detail it is magnificent, and abounds with beautiful public buildings, and wide and noble streets, but it lacks concentration. We

had perhaps expected to see, as at Vienna, (with its unrivalled Ringe Strasse) a galaxy of architectural gems, or to find, as in ancient Rome, its Capitol approached through an avenue of temples and by triumphal arches. Washington ought to have been the finest city of the world, as it is, it holds a very high rank. Beginning with its stupendous and grandly imposing Capitol, in whatever quarter we go some noble and beautifully proportioned building presents itself, either the Treasury or the War or Navy Departments, or the Post Office, or the Department of the Interior or other Public Buildings, and last and least the unpretending White House. Had all these been grouped in a magnificent square or polygon, with the Capitol dominating one side, and the Washington Obelisk (555 ft.) adorning its centre in the midst of sparkling fountains, green lawns and brilliant parterres, Washington might have ranked as the Queen City of the World !

Washington is peculiarly placed. We might perhaps cause a little amusement to some of our readers were we to ask them, "In what State is Washington? Which claims it, Virginia or Maryland?" As most of our readers no doubt know, it is in no State. It lies in a sort of no-man's-land ; it has a district of its own of about 65 square miles, called the District of Columbia. It is unrepresented in Congress, and has no district representatives. With a population of 200,000 every one of its inhabitants is disfranchised. In the centre of a Republic it has probably the most oligarchical government in the world. The President appoints three Commissioners to rule and regulate it, and Congress exercises a controlling power. It does not even possess a Town Council or a Mayor. The people have no voice in local affairs, and cannot



regulate the paving of a street, or lighting even of a lamp. Yet they seem content with this arrangement. About 80,000 coloured persons reside in Washington.

**THE PENSION BUILDING.**—We have referred to the most beautiful buildings of the city, we now refer to this for two reasons, chiefly on account of its size, as it is just like a huge ornamental red brick barn. It has one of the largest rooms in the world, and at the Presidential inauguration ball 20,000 guests are gathered and entertained in this one room. The eight huge pillars which help to support the roof are eight feet in diameter. A second reason for specially referring to it is, that here are stored the pension papers (hence its name). It is not until we arrive in this enormous room where the roll of 1,200,000 pensioners is kept that we realise that we are in the midst of a nation of warriors, who (or whose relatives) draw in time of peace for pensions *alone*, a sum of no less than 140,000,000 dollars a year. It seems incredible, for one never sees a soldier in the streets, nevertheless the soldiers are there we may be assured, or the pensions amounting to £28,000,000 a year would not be paid. We may draw two conclusions from this, first, that there are plenty of men willing to fight, and secondly that the nation pays liberally for their services.

**THE TREASURY.**—This is an immense building in white stone or marble, with porticoes and colonnade; next to the Capitol it is the finest building in the city, it is over 500 feet long, but it is badly placed, and it is almost impossible to get a commanding view of it. Here as we have already stated, bullion to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars is stored, ready to meet the notes in circulation; the weight of these precious metals, gold and silver, exceeds 5000 tons. We were

shewn over the silver vaults. The massive iron entrance gates close and open by clock work, and woe to the man who is on the inner side at closing time; once locked in, the gates can no more be opened until the opening time next morning. This imprisonment has happened more than once; fortunately food and drink can be passed to the prisoner as the gates are made of bars. It is here that the "Greenbacks" are destroyed to the value of 1,000,000 dollars a day; before being destroyed the forged ones are eliminated, and these are returned to the banks from which they came. The old notes are cut up and then reduced to a pulp by a machine. Various objects of interest are made out of this *papier-maché*. We possess a small slipper made of it and said to be made out of notes once worth 5000 dollars.

NEW CONGRESS LIBRARY.—Near to the lofty-domed Capitol, a new building is in course of construction, to be used as a Congressional Library. It has already received its gilded cupola, and is nearing completion. It is an enormous structure 470 feet long, and will cost 6,000,000 dollars. Beautiful and imposing as the exterior is, it is absolutely eclipsed by the magnificence and splendour of the interior. Encumbered as it was by scaffolding when we saw it, we felt so impressed that we unhesitatingly placed it in the foremost rank of American buildings, and it may well vie with some of the finest public civic edifices in Europe.

A RENCONTRE.—The world after all is very small. At the hotel here we met with a friend of our friend at Tacoma, and this reminds us of a very curious incident which occurred to us at our hotel at Cleveland, relative to the same friend. Hearing there a gentleman addressed by the secretary as Mr. F. (the

name being to us an unusual one) we asked the secretary if he came from Tacoma, and from what the secretary said—thinking that the gentleman was a relative of our friend at Tacoma—we addressed him thus :—“Excuse me, sir, your name is F., have you a brother at Tacoma?” He said “Yes.” We said “Is he a solicitor?” He said “Yes.” We began to feel now pretty sure that we had made a good hit, but to clench it further we said, “Is he a partner with Mr. X?” He said “Yes he is.” Now we felt certain that he was the brother of our friend, and said, “We were sorry to leave your mother so ill.” He said—giving a long pained and surprised look—“Sir, I have no mother, she has been dead seventeen years.” So then it appears after all these singular coincidences, that he was not the brother of our friend, but the brother of one who had formerly been a partner with Mr. X. He was however a cousin.

**WATER MELONS AND BLUE POINTS.**—When water melons go out, “blue points,” we suppose come in. The water melon deserves a passing notice, not so much on account of its being a most delicious and thirst satisfying esculent in the hot season, but by reason of its æsthetical claims. Rough in its exterior, of a greenish hue, and in size like a massive football, it is when cut into a perfect gem of art from the wonderful combination of its colour. The outer part is of a beautiful emerald, gradually toning to almost white for an inch or more; then comes the pulp all sparkling and juicy, of the most lovely pink colour, in pleasing contrast to the green, and then as if to heighten the contrast of both pink and green, it is studded with the brightest black pips as large as beans. In England this kind

of water melon is almost unknown, but in America it is as common as blackberries. The first of this kind of water melon that we ever saw was on board the "*Campania*."

The transition from melons to oysters does not seem to be very happy, yet we believe the sequence to be quite *en règle* from a gustatory point of view. Some years ago at a very *recherché déjeuner* in Denmark, after the soup (it might have been oyster soup) slices of melon were served, and we beg to offer this precedent as our apology for the combination, and proceed. The "London Native," if he is little, is good, and holds a very high reputation, and if we say that "Blue Points" are good it is not to be supposed that we in any way would lower the estimation of the "Native" in the esteem of our readers. The "Blue Point" is a little larger and fatter than its rival, yet it possesses an exceedingly delicate flavour. Something of its excellence may be due to the inviting manner in which this delicious bivalve is served. What can be more seductive to the palate, on sitting down to dine, than to see five fresh fat, newly opened oysters laid invitingly in their shells, on a plate full of broken ice, with the daintiest little silver trident by their side as an oyster fork? Since then oysters without ice have been *de trop* to us.

#### MOUNT VERNON.

It may seem strange for a man to desire to be buried in his own garden, but a hundred years ago it was a common practice, especially among the Quakers. We have seen tombs among the gooseberry bushes, and under the apple trees, in the gardens of old Quaker families in England. There was a pleasant homely feeling about it, sentimental we admit, but

what would life be without sentiment? The dying felt that they were not to be torn away from their friends, and the living realized that they had their dead with them yet. It required good consciences to carry out this little arrangement, otherwise the survivor, during the long and lonesome winter nights, might realize that the accusing eyes of the departed were looking in at the chamber window. Cremation seems to have found a scientific way of getting rid of spectres and ghosts for the guilty, but the accusing, etherialised essences, are very subtle, and the imperishable flame or gas that has escaped into space, may be more troublesome to the conscience than the relics safely immured in a charnel house. Let us however pass on to brighter things; this is very easy to do, for the morning of our visit to Mount Vernon was the most brilliant day of the whole sunny autumn. A pleasant hour's steam on the broad but turbid Potomac brought us to the landing stage for charming Mount Vernon, which was all aglow in its bright yellow autumnal foliage.

THE TOMB.—Riding up the hill, we came first to the sacred sepulchre of him, whose name in the centuries to come shall stand out prominent and alone, as the leader and deliverer of his people, as does that of Moses in connection with the exodus of the children of Israel. It would not become our pen to write aught in adulation of one who, great in life, was content to lie humbly and obscurely enshrined in this simple vault of brick, erected in the precincts of his own grounds, with his wife by his side, and many collateral members of his family around him, for he was childless. We bowed in lowly reverence before the simple tomb, and thought of the humility of him who, by a word, a wish—nay, by his very silence, could

have claimed the richest and most stately mausoleum that the world had ever seen.

WASHINGTON'S HOME, was a gentleman's eighteenth century, modest, country house. We made a sketch of it at the time, and wish we could reproduce it here. Imagine a rather long, low two-storied colour washed house, with dormer windows in its low roof, and green venetian shutters to the lower windows; the whole front being sheltered by a lofty colonnade reaching up to the eaves of the roof and supported by eight slender square wood pillars. These elevated colonnades are a peculiar feature in American architecture. The colonnade has a balustrade above it, going the whole length of the front, and adding much to the dignity and importance of the house. Rising from the centre of the building, and rather to the back, appears a picturesque little lantern turret, terminating in an elegant vane. This little finial gives great lightness to the whole building, and adds much grace to it. The house, which stands on an eminence 200 feet above the river, faces a pretty timbered park, that slopes down gradually to the broad and sunny Potomac. The rear of the house is little less picturesque than the front, as it has on either side a semi-circular low colonnade communicating with the kitchen, laundry, out offices, and servants' quarters, the house having been exclusively occupied by the family. The stables, coach-house, dairy, and gardener's house formed pleasant and appropriate adjuncts, and the whole of the back part of the buildings was made compact by a trim fencing painted in white which surrounding it. All the buildings were of a light buff colour, and came out in the sunshine in pleasant and bright relief against the well kept grass. There was an air of great

simplicity and repose about the whole, and every thing around was serene and peaceful ; there was not a breath of air to disturb the leaves of the maple trees, or to make them waver in their fall, as one by one they dropped to the ground. The river was so peaceful that it hardly seemed to flow. Not a sound broke in upon the quietude of the scene ; all was hushed and at rest. There was perfect harmony between the *empty* home and the silent graves. A sacredness and a sanctity pervaded the building. Its interior has been so deftly arranged, with the old furniture and belongings as in the time of the living,\* that one feels in crossing its threshold, as if it was an intrusion to enter, and an invasion of the privacy of the home-life of the departed, all is so simple, so real, and so vivid. We passed through its silent rooms and tenantless chambers with gentle tread, and hushed voices, our hearts being filled with thoughts of those who but a few short years ago, lived in calm and peaceful repose within its walls. We felt very near to them, and a sense of deepening awe came over us as we stood by the portals of two little rooms, with their simple bedsteads, hung with plain white dimity. They were chambers of suffering, but in one case (that of Washington) short and brief, *only* two days. His last words were, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. . . . I thank you for your attentions ; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly. I cannot last long." Three years after, his widow rested by his side.

"Lives of great men, all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."

\* Baedeker says, "The house and land around were bought by *The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association* in 1859, and have been restored as nearly as possible to their condition in George Washington's life time." The key of the Bastille was presented to Washington, and is preserved here.

## BALTIMORE.

The change from the beautiful and bright capital to the busy streets of Baltimore is great and somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter. Washington is a city of politicians and diplomatists, and Baltimore of merchants and manufacturers. Its streets teem with waggons heavily laden with merchandize, business men are hurrying to and fro in the pursuit of commerce, and altogether it has a very lively and busy air. The population is over half a million. It has some fine streets with good shops, one or two handsome public buildings, among which comes out prominently the new City Hall, with its stately dome. It also possesses a charming little square, called Mt. Vernon Place, in the centre of which rises a lofty column, with a colossal statue of Washington on its summit. The square is surrounded by several pleasing buildings, the Peabody Institute, and the very handsome Methodist Episcopal Church being the chief. Here also in two ordinary dwelling-houses is the celebrated "Walter's Collection," probably the finest private collection of art in the world; unfortunately for us it was closed. There are many very interesting historical and other associations connected with Baltimore. Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, married and lived here. It was here "The Star Spangled Banner" was composed by Key, oddly enough while he was a prisoner on board a British man-of-war then bombarding fort Mc. Henry. Besides Peabody, John Hopkins was a great public benefactor to the city, leaving 3,000,000 dollars to build a splendid hospital.

We left Baltimore for Philadelphia in the afternoon of the 5th November, the day of the great election. There was some little excitement in the city and we read afterwards that there



had been more serious disturbances in Baltimore than in any other city in the States. That day was another of those beautifully clear and bright days of the splendid autumn. Towards sunset we approached the viaduct that carries the railway over the wide Susquehanna. We shall never forget the beauty of that scene ; the air was still, not a leaf rustled, the atmosphere was so transparent that it almost seemed to sparkle with a light of its own, the broad river lay tranquil and at rest, as smooth as glass, with its surface like a mirror, doubling the landscape. The sky was clear and blue, softening down to a pearly tint towards the horizon ; it was cloudless, except for one little cloud that floated softly in that great blue sea,

" As though an angel in its upward flight  
Had left its mantle there."

### *PHILADELPHIA.*

It was quite dark when we reached Philadelphia. As we entered it we had mingled feelings ; for, years ago, we had met two friends in Europe who came from Philadelphia, and we had long cherished the hope of seeing them in their native city ; but it was not to be. Still, their memories were very precious to us. We had however the pleasure of seeing one of the boys who accompanied them, then a mere stripling of ten, now a Benedict, and settled in his own pleasant home.

Philadelphia is a wonderful city (population over 1,000,000), and Penn was a wonderful, far seeing man. Although it is close upon a hundred miles from the sea, it is a seaport, and a very flourishing one too, having a frontage to the Delaware River of many miles. Two wide main streets, Broad and Market Streets are in the centre of the city, and intersect each

other ; all the other streets run parallel to one or the other of these, and nearly all of them are very narrow. Even the busy and fashionable Chestnut Street is very contracted, although miles in length. What odd names some of the streets have ! such as Cherry, Walnut, Pine, Locust, Filbert, and Spruce. The houses are generally of red brick, and from two to three stories high, having white marble steps, and one family to one house, hence it has been called "The City of Homes." Philadelphia boasts of having a City Hall which is the largest building in the United States ; it covers over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  acres of ground and contains 750 rooms. The capitol at Washington only covers  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres. It can also lay claim to being the second highest stone structure in the world, if one adds to its tower, which is 510 feet, the height of the mammoth statue of William Penn on its summit, which is 35 feet more, making a total of 545 feet. The magnificent Post Office, although not so large as the City Hall, is far more striking. It cost £1,000,000, and may take rank as the finest Post Office in existence. The Masonic Hall is a huge but fine solid structure in granite. It is Norman in style, and one of the ornaments of the city. Philadelphia excels more in quality, than in any other respect, in her public buildings, but besides the above she has a picturesque University, the white marble Drexel Building (used as a Stock Exchange), an Academy of Fine Arts, the Girard College and the handsome Ridgeway Library. We visited the United States Mint, and saw the cabinet of coins, the chief object of interest to us being the "*Widow's Mite*," found among the ruins of the Temple at Jerusalem. We can hardly reckon Wanamaker's Store as a public building, but it is certainly one of the sights of the city, as over 4500 assistants are employed there.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.—The great interest however in Philadelphia centres in its historical associations, for it was here in "Independence Hall," (the Old State House) in Chestnut Street, that the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE was signed on the 4th July, 1776. We stood beside the very table on which the declaration was signed, with the silver inkstand then used, and saw the chair in which the President of the Congress (John Hancock) sat, with the emblem of a golden sun on its back, concerning which Franklin said he often wondered, before the success of the Revolution was achieved, whether it was the *rising* or the *setting* sun; certainly the year after, it looked very like a *setting* sun, seeing that the city of Philadelphia from September, 1777 to June 1778, was in possession of the British. The fac-simile of the "Declaration" hangs upon the wall, the original is carefully preserved at Washington. It is interesting to look around and see the portraits of the men who signed this "Declaration," there was no mistaking whose "KITH AND KIN" they were, from the homely Quaker farmer to the shrewd merchant, for "John Bull" was delineated on nearly every face. In the hall lies the big "Liberty Bell," now fractured, which was the first bell rung in the United States after the signing of the "Declaration," it was then supported by a chain of 13 links, emblematical of the then 13 States of the Union (now 45.) Oddly enough in the adjoining room hangs a portrait of George III. and if we remember aright, of several other English kings and queens. In Independence Hall the first United States Congress was held, with Washington as its first President, and it continued so to be held till 1797.

### THE BLUE-PETER.

On our return from Philadelphia we spent a few more days in New York, preparatory to embarking on the good ship *Campania* for the voyage *home*. Endearing as that word is, and full as it is of rest and repose to weary back-aching travellers, we never turned our faces homewards with more reluctant hearts than we did on the morning of Saturday, the 23rd of November. The day was beautiful as we steamed out of the harbour, and New York looked very bright and radiant. As we slowly went down the river we passed a railway ferry boat, and to our great pleasure saw two of our friends on board who had dined with us on the previous Thursday. We thus had an opportunity of waving to them a final farewell. One of the two was the "little English belle" we have previously referred to. At Sandy Hook we passed the noble liner *St. Paul* inward bound. At night we were well out to sea, and with every prospect of a pleasant voyage. On Monday night the wind got up, and Tuesday a strong N.W. wind was blowing, and consequently we had a heavy beam-sea on, the "*Campania*" did her fair share of rolling, but then it was such a slow majestic roll that it was almost pleasant than otherwise, it took her about five seconds to make each roll. The weather was very bad throughout Tuesday night, and no sleep was to be obtained all the night long. Even our steward told us he had not been able to sleep on account of the rolling; it was said that she rolled more on this voyage than she had ever done before. We can only say that if that was her worst there was not much to fear, for we have suffered ten times more discomfort from rolling; as it was, neither of us was in the

slightest degree indisposed through it. Wednesday, the weather was still bad, but had somewhat abated, for three days the "fiddles" were on the table, and more than once when she gave an extra graceful lurch the bottles and decanters went flying, and the soup overflowed its barriers, but this was very exceptional. On Friday we sighted land, (long and eagerly expected) and at 10 a.m. we were off Queenstown Harbour, but the sea was running too high to permit of our entering or discharging mails. We managed however to change pilots; the weather was so bad on the previous outward voyage that the pilot had to be taken on to New York. We also received our letters on board, off Queenstown. About 2 o'clock we passed an American liner, which we were told had left New York on the Wednesday previous to our leaving. Two men said she had letters of theirs on board, which they had written to their wives to tell them they were going to sail on the Saturday, and asking that letters might be sent to them to be received at Queenstown on their arrival. Thus the speed of the "*Campania*" caused them some little disappointment in one respect, but on the other hand, enabled them to reach home before their respective letters would arrive. It was still rough coming up the Irish Channel, nearly as bad as out at sea. At 10 o'clock p.m. we were safely landed at Liverpool. We did the *homeward* passage in precisely the same time—six days and seven hours—as the outward passage, but there was this difference, we came back on the *summer* course, which is about 100 miles shorter than the *winter* one, and equivalent in time to about five hours; in other words if it had been fine weather we might have been in Liverpool 5 hours earlier than we were. Our feelings entirely agreed

with the lady who on landing said, "I am very thankful to put my feet once more on *terra cotta*."

On the morrow we reached "home."

We received so much consideration from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son (at their New York Office) while we were in America, in assisting us at our landing, in forwarding our letters, cashing cheques, and in many other matters, that we feel we should be wanting in gratitude if we closed our little work without making some acknowledgment of the same. Whatever might happen we always felt we had a good business friend to help us in any emergency.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.—And now dear reader, if you have gone with us in all our wanderings you must needs be weary too, and glad to have reached your journey's end. It has been a great pleasure to us to relate our travels and thus to recall the many pleasant and wonderful scenes we have visited, and from time to time revive the pleasant associations often connected with them. But our greatest pleasure has been in endeavouring, humbly and feebly it may be, to express some of the pleasant phases of American character. We have had nearly six months to calmly reflect upon the impressions which we received, and that reflection has only tended to endear to us the more our "KITH AND KIN" on the other side of the water. We trust, kind reader, that it may be so with you, and that ere long you will have realized as an experience, that which is now at best a theory, and probably founded only upon the experience of another. Go and visit them and their magnificent country! Go, not as a stranger, but as kith to kin: to those of your own blood and race: to a people with the same heart sympathies, aspirations, and hopes,

and above all with that same ineradicable love of Liberty and Freedom that dwells in the breast of every free-born Briton. Go and see them in their Homes and in their home-life, and of one thing we will assure you, that there is no place on earth where you will receive a heartier, a warmer, and a more cordial WELCOME, than from our "American Kith and Kin!"

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